

AMERICA

A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—From behind the veil of official secrecy, it was clear that all was not plain sailing with the President's program for naval agreement with Great Britain. Beside the principle of parity in cruiser tonnage, the President had set the principle of reduction. The difficulty was that this dual program involved a contradiction. The only way to achieve parity was to reduce Great Britain's enormous preponderance in cruiser tonnage, which she was unwilling to do; or to increase the American tonnage, which the Congress was unwilling to do. The British Government made a definite proposal which, however, would have left their navy much larger than ours and would have actually decreased the number of American 10,000-ton cruisers. This contention was answered by Mr. Hoover in a letter which was not published. However, Mr. MacDonald, the English Premier, immediately decided to visit this country. This was taken as foreshadowing an agreement, though possibly to the defeat of Mr. Hoover's program of reduction. He faced the difficulty that our potential cruiser building program stood at 305,000 tons, while the British refused to cut below 340,000, and at the same time to allow us more than a proportionate number of 10,000-ton cruisers.—An interesting incident in naval propaganda was revealed when William B. Shearer sued three shipbuilding concerns

for money due him as a result of his activities which caused the Geneva conference to fail. The President made a public statement and the Senate began an inquiry at once. Attempts to extend this inquiry to propaganda on the other side, which would involve foreign nations, failed, as did efforts to implicate our own Navy.

The Senate began a desultory discussion on the tariff bill. There was a good deal of marking time and apparent attempts at combinations behind the scenes. The President's attitude was obscure. It was not known if he favored the House bill on the one hand or, on the other hand, Borah's plan to restrict tariff reform to the agricultural schedules. A preliminary victory was won by the anti-tariff advocates when Senator Simmons secured the passage of a resolution calling for data of profit and loss from the corporations which demanded relief. This demand was vigorously opposed by the standpat element. Meanwhile, twelve farm organizations, evidently not satisfied with the farm-relief bill, demanded a general raising of the agricultural schedules even over the House bill. By many observers it was expected that the bill would not be passed at the special session but would be prolonged well into the regular session beginning in December. Various other issues were raised incidentally, for instance, the question of the election of Senator-elect Vare of Pennsylvania. This, however, was definitely shelved until the next session.

Argentina.—An unofficial announcement was made at Buenos Aires, that consequent on the late visit of the British Industrial Commission, head by Lord D'Abernon, recently Ambassador to Germany, important commercial transactions had been arranged. Argentina, it was understood, would place an order for \$40,000,000 worth of manufactures in a short time, particularly for railways and public works. On the other hand, Great Britain would buy food supplies to a similar amount from Argentina. It will be recalled that the foundations for the favorable trade relations between the two countries were laid about four years ago during the visit of the Prince of Wales, when the Anglo-South American Association was formed. In connection with the Government's industrial program, it was understood that President Irigoyen in his coming message to Congress would advocate and discuss plans for a program of Government construction of a vast national railway system, involving the expenditure, over a period of ten years, of about \$42,000,000. The financing

of the scheme would be taken care of especially by toll rates, and the projected traffic measures would put the capital in much closer touch with all the provinces.

Australia.—A Parliamentary crisis was engendered over the question of compulsory arbitration in industrial conflicts. Premier Stanley Bruce introduced a bill that would abolish the Federal powers compelling arbitration and would leave the settlement of disputes to the various States in the Commonwealth. Federal compulsory arbitration was an experiment of the Australian Government that was watched with keen interest in industrial circles. Mr. Bruce, in introducing his measure for its abolition, contended that compulsory arbitration had not brought industrial peace, that it had embittered personal relationships, and that it had brought the courts into disrepute. William M. Hughes, former Nationalist Premier, opposed the measure. His amendment, calling for a postponement of consideration of the abolition bill until the country had voted on the subject, was passed by a vote of 35 to 34. Premier Bruce, thereupon, tendered his resignation to the Governor General, Lord Stonehaven. Neither Mr. Hughes, as a coalition leader, nor Mr. Scullin, of the Labor party, commanded a sufficient majority to attempt to form a Government. At the elections held last November, the Labor party won 31 seats, Mr. Bruce's Nationalists, 29, the Country party, 13, and Independents, 2. The Government was formed from a Nationalist-Country coalition. It was felt that a new election was inevitable after the Hughes amendment was carried.

Austria.—A careful study of statistics from January to July on Austrian imports and exports and a comparison with the same period in the years 1928 and 1929 showed that deficits amounted to 567,900,000 schillings in 1928 and to 591,800,000 schillings in 1929. The Government intended to submit a bill to the National Council regarding the general statistics of Austrian industries to be used as a basis of effective and well aimed relief. The Minister of Agriculture was preparing to submit a bill for the creation of an Austrian Corn Monopoly which was expected to help the Austrian agrarians to exist in spite of the low prices of corn in the world markets. Formerly Austria exported to the United States finished wares for about 75,000,000 schillings. The new American protective customs tariffs will probably put a end to this and Austria will have to search for new markets to repay those it is losing in the States. Yet the worst source of Austria's difficulties is disclosed in the political abuses of the various parties in reaction to which the Heimwehr movement was inaugurated and has grown in numbers and effectiveness. The resolution of the Austrian Landbund to join with the Heimwehr, it was thought, had prepared an opening for other groups to declare their adherence to the movement and build up an organization of self-help for the people, which by the simple weight of numbers would make possible the passage of many needed internal legislative reforms.

China.—During the week, although there was no formal declaration of war, actual encounters were reported along the Sino-Russian border, not merely on the part of civilians but in an organized military way. The Soviet forces were particularly aggressive, and planes, gunboats, and troops were all used in a persistent, though not noticeably effective, offensive. The chief center of operations was Pogranichnaya. The Chinese appeared to content themselves with defensive operations. Press dispatches from the capital as to the Government's attitude were not very informative. However, there were reports, though considering their sources their authenticity was questionable, that Nanking was apathetic regarding the military maneuvers and was again being threatened with sufficiently disturbing internal problems not to be able to devote the necessary attention to its international relations with Russia. On the other hand, it was announced that Russia was agreeable to the attitude of the Chinese Government that before negotiations over the Chinese Eastern Railway (whose confiscation occasioned the present international difficulties) should be taken up, a Russian would be appointed manager. With this obstacle removed as a condition to re-opening peace negotiations the general prospect looked more hopeful, despite the actual raids in Eastern Manchuria.

On September 4, the United States Government released the official correspondence between Washington and Nanking, relative to the latter's request that the restrictions on Chinese jurisdiction over nationals of other Governments in her territory should be abolished. While the only rights which the American Government enjoys are those of the Consular courts, which adjudicate cases in which Americans are sued by foreigners, nevertheless, it was anticipated that the attitude of the American Department of State and its reply to Nanking's request would have an important bearing on the answers made by European Governments, to which China had addressed the same plea. In substance the reply of the American State Department stated that the Washington Government is ready to participate in negotiations which would have as their object the devising of a method for the gradual relinquishment of extraterritorial rights, either to designate territorial areas, or as to particular kinds of jurisdictions, or as to both, provided that such gradual relinquishment proceeds at the same time as steps are taken and improvements are achieved by the Chinese Government in the enactment and effective enforcement of laws based on modern concepts of jurisprudence.

Germany.—The Rev. Dr. Kaas, president of the Center party, received a message of praise for his work on the new Concordat from the Holy Father. In transmitting the document to the Prussian Ministry, the Papal Nuncio, Msgr. Pacelli, delivered an address in German in which he thanked the ministers for their cooperation, declaring that the document will be the cornerstone of that great work of mutual cooperation between Church

Fighting
in
Manchuria

Government
Defeat

Extraterritoriality
Problem

Commercial
Status

Prussian
Concordat

and State inaugurated by the ratification of the Concordat. The Prussian Concordat was signed in the festival hall of the Ministry on August 13.

The bombing outrages that caused considerable damage in Hollenstaedt, Lueneburg and other German cities mounted to twelve before the arrest of Jeronim Pletchkaitis, Lithuanian revolutionist, and five confederates. The leader and his band were seized in East Prussia while attempting to cross the German-Lithuanian border illegally. When confronted with the charge of an attempt on the life of Dr. Herbst, Governor of Lueneburg District, Pletchkaitis insisted that he merely wanted to visit friends and relatives and carried weapons and bombs for defense in case they faced arrest by the Lithuanian authorities who had offered a reward for him. He denied that he intended to blow up the train on which Premier Valdemaras would return from Geneva.

Holland.—The thirty-day Cabinet crisis was ended when Dr. Ruys de Beerenbrouck, one of Holland's foremost Catholics, succeeded in forming an extra-parliamentary Ministry. Three of his colleagues are likewise Catholics, namely, Dr. L. Deckers, Minister of Defense; Mr. Paul J. Reyner, Minister of Waterways; and Mr. Verscheuren, Minister of Industry and Commerce. Inasmuch as the Catholics constitute scarcely one-third of the registered voters, their representation in the Government is in excess of their numerical strength. This fact caused neither protest nor alarm among their fellow-citizens.

Italy.—On September 12, a royal decree announced a Cabinet re-arrangement including the appointment of nine new Ministers, seven of them from among the Premier's Under-Secretaries, and all strong Fascists. The changes maintained at their posts only the Minister of Justice and Cults, Rocco; the Minister of Finance, Mosconi; and the Minister of Communications, Ciano. The Premier himself relinquished all the portfolios he has been holding, except that of the Interior. Sr. Dino Grandi became Minister of Foreign Affairs. The remainder of the new Cabinet included Minister of the Colonies, General De Bono; Minister of War, General Pietro Gozzera; Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Giuseppe Siriani; Minister of Aviation, General Balbo; Minister of Public Works, Michele Bianchi; Minister of Corporations, Giuseppe Bottai; Minister of Education, (formerly Public Instruction) Balbino Giuliano; Minister of Agriculture and Forests (formerly National Economy) Giacomo Acerbo.

Palestine.—Though the official reports stated that conditions were quiet throughout the country, there remained among both Arabs and Jews a feeling of insecurity and uneasiness. Individual clashes occurred here and there, but the British military authorities held the antagonists in check. The situation now became political rather than

military. Both the Arab and the Jewish leaders sent official deputations to call on Sir John Chancellor, British High Commissioner, and laid before the Government their protests and demands. Both sides, likewise, strongly appealed to public opinion in Palestine and abroad. The United Jewish Organizations, in a memorandum to the Government, formally charged Amin El Hussin, Grand Mufti of Jerusalem and President of the Moslem Council, with responsibility for the disorders. They likewise scored members of the Palestine Government for failure to provide adequate protection despite repeated warnings. The Jews made ten specific demands covering the matters of protection, compensation and reassurance on the Zionist policy. The Arabs, on their side, demanded the repeal of the Balfour Declaration, the prevention of further Jewish immigration and restriction in the appointment of Jewish officials. The Executive Council of the Arabian National Council prepared a long message to the League of Nations in which, it was stated, the British Mandate administration was severely criticized for its pro-Jewish policy. Dissatisfaction and danger of disorder would remain on the part of the Moslem as long as the Zionist program was enforced, the Arab leaders declared.

The Commission of Inquiry, headed by Sir Walter Shaw and composed of members from the three political parties in Westminster, was eagerly awaited in Palestine.

The composition of the committee was apparently not agreeable to either the Jews or Arabs. Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Minister, reported on British action in the Palestine Mandate to the Council of the League of Nations. Concerning the Commission of Inquiry, he stated emphatically that its powers were restricted to an investigation of the present emergency and did not concern the re-consideration of the policy followed in the Palestine Mandate nor of the Mandate itself. He denied that martial law was in force in Palestine and asserted that suspects in connection with the rioting and bloodshed would be tried before ordinary civil courts. He reported the casualties, as of August 31, to have been: Jews, 109; Moslem 83; Christians, 4. The wounded were Jews, 183; Moslem, 122; Christians, 10.—According to the report of the Relief Committee in Jerusalem, there were 9,200 Jewish refugees in Jerusalem; the food and housing problems were acute. On September 12, the relief fund being raised in the United States had reached the total of \$849,130.21. It seemed likely that this sum would be, at least, doubled. In England, about the same time, the relief contributions amounted to about \$350,000.

Rumania.—On September 3 it was announced in the office of the War Ministry that an audit of the department's books indicated a shortage of \$700,000 from the Ministry's funds. The defalcation was credited to the old Bratianu regime, and while it was not anticipated that the funds would be recovered, a strict investigation was ordered by the Government authorities. Meanwhile, on September 2, the trial began of forty-seven officers and others arrested in the recent Fascist military attempt to overthrow

Revolutionists Arrested

Cabinet Crisis Ends

Cabinet Changes

Inquiries and Relief-Work

Government Activities

Protests and Demands

the Government. Some sensations were looked for during the trial. Those charged with leading the *coup d'état* were Colonel Stoica and Commander Manoilescu.

Russia.—A decree of the Council of Commissars was issued August 29, authorizing an "unbroken working week" system, of 360 working days a year, to be adopted throughout the country by all State and co-operative administrations, factories and other enterprises from October 1 on. Increase of further hours of labor is avoided by dividing work into a series of "shifts," by which each worker gets a thirty-six-hour holiday at different times.

Vatican City.—In a special dispatch to the New York *Sun* on September 8, it was reported that Pope Pius XI had won a conclusive victory in his long struggle to keep the *Azione Cattolica Italiana* (Italian Catholic Action), an organization of Catholic men in Italy, free from the domination of the Italian Government. In the last election Premier Mussolini invited the association to propose several candidates for the Chamber of Deputies. Had the Catholics acceded, they would automatically have become subject to the laws of public security which require registration of the membership rolls and bylaws of all political organizations with the Fascist authorities. According to the new agreement, arranged by representatives of the Holy Father and the Italian Ambassador to the Vatican, the 500,000 members of the *Azione*, although encouraged to support the Fascist regime, will continue to remain out of partisan politics and spread the Faith as a purely spiritual organization.

League of Nations.—That France would sign the optional clause in the World's Court agreement was announced by Premier Briand at his speech in the Assembly of the League on September 5. The same announcement was made by Foreign Minister Benes on behalf of Czechoslovakia, and by M. Scialoja on behalf of Italy on September 9, and by the Foreign Minister of the Irish Free State, Patrick McGilligan, on September 11. Australia's attitude had not yet been made known. Mr. McGilligan also announced that he intended to ask the Free State Parliament to ratify the general act for compulsory arbitration. The attitude of Australia and Canada was not yet announced.—Opposition to the free-trade views expressed on September 9 in the Assembly by W. Graham, President of the British Board of Trade, was declared by Australia and the Irish Free State, Mr. McGilligan pleading especially for agriculture.

Optimism and serenity were the specifics offered to the Assembly by M. Briand in his eloquent address on September 5. He pointed out the "gap" in the League covenant by which its "resources" were unused. A secular arm is needed to enforce peace. Disarmament must be achieved in execution of Article VIII. An advance

towards naval agreement was hoped for. The much heralded European Union was preached, M. Briand stating that it would not only be economic but political and social in character as well. The union was not to be opposed to other nations, Russia and America being held in view. "Poisonous influences" over the minds of the young, by teaching of extreme nationalism, were denounced; this part of the speech being variously understood by its hearers. Women must fight this evil. The Parisian press on the whole approved; the British were reserved in their comments. The Foreign Ministers of Belgium and Denmark declared their approval of the European plan, which was further outlined at a luncheon held by M. Briand on September 6, at which the representatives of twenty-seven nations were present. On this occasion he stated that national sovereignty was not to be touched. Mr. Henderson, British Foreign Minister, announced his cordial support of the plan, and Dr. Stresemann dwelt on the grotesque anomalies of frontiers, postage, etc., in post-War Europe.

Peace was dwelt upon on September 7 by the heads of delegations of Greece, Lithuania, India, and Spain. M. Venizelos urged revision of Articles XII and XV. Poland was elected to a temporary seat in the Council, with Yugoslavia and Peru running up. The rumored Latin-American bloc to support Peru received unfavorable comments. Dr. Stresemann spoke in most conciliatory tones, stating that Germany had not yet reached "a definite homogeneous judgment" concerning the Young plan. The Sarre region should return to Germany as a matter of political accord, the best security against war.

Reparations Question.—The Hague conference adjourned on August 31 in complete harmony. Premier Jaspar of Belgium, President of the conference, wired on September 8 to Premier Briand of France that the following three commissions would meet in Paris on September 15: the Austrian, Hungarian and Bulgarian reparations group; the commission on deliveries in kind; and the one on liquidation of the Dawes plan accounts. Dates for the other commissions were undetermined.

Next week, Eugene Weare will return to our columns with a story entitled "I Sing of Hams and the Man." It is a paper which brings Chicago, Austria and Alaska into rather startling juxtaposition.

Michael Linden (this is the pen name of a well-known journalist of the Far West) visited Ireland in July and August. He will tell next week, in "Ireland's Peace of Mind," the story of the convention of the Irish Labor party.

Few are aware that this is a Jubilee Year. Fewer still know why they should make the Jubilee. Next week, William I. Lonergan will explain all about it.

"A New Idea in College Advertising," will bring C. J. Freund's friend, "Father Black," into a dialogue on an important subject.

World
Court

Peace
Views

The
United States
of Europe

AMERICA

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Senator Capper to the Rescue

EXPURGATED, expounded, and all but exposed, the old Federal education bill is slated to appear before Congress next December, leaning on the gallant arm of Senator Capper of Kansas.

The campaign which had as its objective the establishment of a Federal Department of Education, and a Federal Secretary with a seat in the Cabinet, has never been abandoned. Probably no measure has aroused an equal degree of public interest. The campaign has been incessant and intensive, but while three public committee hearings have been held, Congress has steadily refused to report the bill out. The simple fact is that the inevitable end of the bill, Federal control of the local schools, has only to be known to insure rejection. Amended in many particulars since October, 1918, the bill still opens the way to a control that would establish the most dangerous bureaucracy from which any country could suffer.

Explaining the measure on September 8 in the Hearst newspapers, the chief promoters of the project, if the Klan and the Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction be excepted, Senator Capper does nothing to remove this dangerous possibility. His personal belief that no interference with the local schools is to be apprehended, cannot stand against the well-attested fact that officials and departments always seek to increase the orbit of their powers, and resist any attempt to check it. What is really incumbent upon Senator Capper is to cite the section in the Federal Constitution which confers upon Congress the right or the duty to establish the department. This the Senator fails to do. In the whole course of his article there is not the slightest reference to the Constitution, the only document which enumerates the powers of the Federal Government, and states the reservations upon them.

Surely the Senator must know that it is quite beside the point to assert that "education should continue to go forward." Of course it should; but the sole point at issue is whether it should fall under Federal control, or under the local control wisely ordained by the

Constitution. To hold that the Federal Government may properly interest itself, by way of direction, counsel, inspection, or control, in any and every activity which contributes to the public welfare, is to destroy the Constitution. The Federal Government has those rights and duties only which are specified in the Constitution, or which exist by necessary implication in the powers granted. In a sense, the Federal Government is "interested" in hospitals, reformatory institutions, homes for children and the aged, and in jails, as well as education. But it does not follow that Congress may establish a Department of Police to give aid and advice to the local constabulary, or a Department of Health to supervise the health programs of the respective States. Congress is authorized to provide for the common welfare, not as a temporary political majority may see fit, but only as the Constitution directs.

Does the Constitution authorize a Federal Department of Education? That is the real question at issue. Pitiful appeals based on the pitiful condition of illiterate children, and grandiose panegyrics of education, are equally irrelevant.

Dr. Shumaker's Alcohol

WE are glad to learn that Dr. E. S. Shumaker, of Indiana, is getting his alcohol. Dr. Shumaker, it may be remembered, is the militant arm of the Anti-Saloon League in that State. And the Indiana Anti-Saloon League opposes the use of whiskey, "even in life or death cases," on the ground that it has no medicinal value.

But Dr. Shumaker finds that he needs a tonic which contains twenty-three per cent of pure grain alcohol. "It makes me feel a little queer to take it," he writes. "I mean in my mind."

It makes the rest of us feel a little queer in mind, too. Under the laws of the State Dr. Shumaker cannot purchase his tonic at the corner drug store, but must obtain it from a sanitarium. Pure grain alcohol, twenty-three per cent of it, mixed in a tonic, is not whiskey, he contends, and with this reflection he throws off all queerness from his mind. In any case, he writes, his use of this tonic which contains twenty-three per cent of alcohol must be considered "my own private affair."

We have no doubt that Dr. Shumaker needs his pure grain alcohol. We hope that he will be able to obtain whole barrels of it, if necessary. The cheering glow which follows may lead him to take a more charitable view of men and women who consider that the use of beer containing five per cent of alcohol is their own private affair, too.

Twenty-three per cent of pure grain alcohol, mixed with buchu and other ingredients, is not whiskey. But it has no standing under the Volstead Act, or the Indiana statutes, except when used by an official of the Anti-Saloon League. Huck Finn's Widow Douglas disapproved of tobacco in pipes, but "she took snuff; of course that was all right because she done it herself."

Dr. Shumaker will never, *never*, smoke. But he seems

quite fond of snuff. And twenty-three per cent is a fairly stiffish dose.

The Majesty of the Law

MECKLENBURG is a noted name in American revolutionary history. It is now likely to become noted in other respects. The mistrial which ended the first arraignment of the sixteen Gastonia textile workers, accused of murder, will long be remembered.

The incident will be used, and rightly, as a biting criticism of American criminal court methods. The case aroused an unusual amount of bitterness, and many persisted in seeing in it nothing but the persecution of workers by capitalists who would stop at no crime to crush the union. It was of immense importance, then, to use every precaution to guarantee the accused men and women a fair trial. It was only of slightly less importance to preserve in every respect the dignity of the court and the majesty of the law under which they were to be tried.

The promise of the State was fulfilled. A change of venue to another county was granted. A special term of court was summoned, with a judge appointed by the Governor. In the court itself, irresponsible radicals on both sides were curbed, and the rulings of the judge appear to have been above criticism. Sharp practice and anything approaching a miscarriage of justice were thought to be exceedingly remote.

The first rift was made by the State. Under the circumstances, the action of the prosecution in bringing a life-size replica of the slain chief of police into court, arrayed in the dead man's uniform, was simply inexcusable. The judge ordered it out, but the jury had seen it, and the effect intended was probably secured.

Then, on September 9, one of the jurors exhibited unmistakable signs of insanity. Before the court opened he was removed, raving on the rights and wrongs of religion, to an asylum.

The prospects for a fair trial are now far from encouraging—and by "fair" we mean justice to the State as well as to the accused. For the trial thus suddenly ended, the county had been combed for jurors, and, according to reports, it is not a county rich in men who can qualify under the law of North Carolina. Another change of venue is inevitable. But it will now be difficult to find in any county of the State twelve men who cannot be challenged for cause, or peremptorily.

Nine days were passed in selecting the original jury, and it included a lunatic. It also included some men who had no concept of the seriousness of their duty. During his examination the lunatic exhibited clear signs of emotional instability, "and once in the jury box," reports the usually well-informed labor editor of the *New York World*, Mr. John J. Leary, Jr., "the younger men began to haze him. Among other things, they sewed up his trouser legs, and knotted his underwear." In a trial bearing upon the life and liberty of sixteen men and women, and involving, as well, questions of the gravest importance to the Southern industrial world, these jurors conducted themselves like morons and hoodlums.

The whole story reveals incompetence, or worse. The State and the defense examined 668 men before they were able to pick out twelve good men and true, including one lunatic and an uncertain number of morons. North Carolina has been criticized for the variety of excuses for cause, and the number of peremptory challenges which it allows. The criticism has not lacked justification; but it would now appear that the State does not permit a sufficient number. Just where does the fault lie, and whose is the responsibility for this mistrial? Does it lie with the law? With the judge? With the learned counsel who rejected or suffered to be rejected, 656 men, and then put in the jury box eleven presumably sane men and a lunatic?

The trial began on July 26 when the special judge was appointed by the Governor. Six weeks have been wasted, and more time will be wasted, since no new special court can be convened before September 30. The law provides that every special term of court must be advertised for twenty days before it convenes.

What will the next trial disclose?

The comments in the local newspapers and the various public meetings, addressed by speakers inflamed by passion, will undoubtedly make the choice of a jury a long and difficult process. It seems to us that the next trial will have a better chance of arriving at a just conclusion if the jury be subjected to a sanity test before the case opens. From whom the motion should come we cannot say; but if there is a remedy for every evil in the law, learned counsel should not be at a loss. No precaution should be omitted. Another slip-up in the case against the Gastonia strikers will be another black mark against our administration of the criminal law.

The Conquest of the Air

ONE of the strangest and most distressing tales which the pioneers of aircraft must tell, came to an end last week when the liner "City of San Francisco" was discovered on a steep slope of Mount Taylor, in New Mexico, a mass of fused and broken metal.

No disaster since the sinking of the "Titanic" has attracted an equal amount of public attention. For five days hunting parties on land and in the air searched the rough and broken countries in the Southwest, while the public waited, not knowing for a time whether or not an accident had actually occurred.

Against what unforeseen and tremendous force of nature the ship was forced to battle, or against what human oversight or carelessness, will never be known. The three members of the crew went with the five passengers to death. Conjecture and inference must take the place of the testimony of experts and eye-witnesses.

Since the days of Daedalus, mankind has striven to conquer the empire of the air. No disaster has ever quenched that unconquerable urge. The daring spirit which led men to entrust themselves to frail contrivances of skins and wood in which they sailed over the waters into the uncharted West, has been reborn in the spirit of the aviators. The fatalities of the last twelve months, numerous though they have been, cannot rebuff them.

It is encouraging to know that the industry of building aircraft and the art of piloting them is in the hands of men who to courage add science. We who marvel at their work shall live to fly across the continent from sunrise to sunset. Our children may gird the globe between dawn and early starlight. Some priest of a future day will open his breviary in New York to close it at the end of an hour and his journey's end in Tokio. Man will not conquer the air, but learn to use it as he uses all creatures which God provides.

Admiring the Public School

A GENTLE critic writes to ask if, after our condemnation of the system has been spoken to the last word, we do not admire the modern American public school. Our answer is an emphatic negative.

We agree with Dr. Luther Weigle, of Yale, that the only citizen who is satisfied with the public-school system is the atheist. We further agree with this non-Catholic teacher when he asserts that the system, unwittingly it may be, fosters irreligion and infidelity. Unless it is reformed there will soon be little Christianity left in this land, and still less in our ideals of government.

The thesis that the public secularized school is the basis upon which good government and, in particular, upon which our constitutional form of government, must rest, is false. It is false historically and it is false philosophically. Schools which excluded religion were unheard of in the American colonies. In the original American school, as in the Catholic school, the teaching of religion held the place of honor. Not a man who helped to shape the movements which culminated in the Declaration of Independence, or who took part in the framing of the Constitution, had ever heard of a purely secular school. If the public-school system, which began approximately fifty years after Washington's inauguration, is the basis on which this Government is founded, we are forced to conclude that the Government lived, and indeed flourished, for half a century, resting on no foundation.

Historically, then, the contention is false. The secularized school is not a native institution, but a foreign importation brought in about 1840, chiefly through the efforts of Mann and Barnard.

It is also false philosophically.

Washington, and the Fathers of the Republic who saw and approved the Farewell Address, were under no delusion as to the force which religion and morality must supply to safeguard good government. They never said that without education, still less, that without a system of public schools alienated from, or hostile to, the teaching of religion, the Government could not be sustained. They maintained, on the contrary, that the indispensable supports of true prosperity were religion and morality, since these "are the firmest props of the duties of men and citizens." They had no countenance for the supposition "that morality can be maintained without religion." "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect," they wrote, "that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." For "it is substantially true that

virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government." They recommend, therefore, the establishment not of more churches, but of more schools.

Their main contention was the need of religion and morality. We must conclude, then, that in their view the school was a normal agency for the promotion of religion and morality. Such was the American principle and practice until we began to give ear to the neo-pagan philosophy of France and Germany.

No, we do not admire the secularized public school. Its rejection of religion makes it not merely defective, but positively bad; bad not only for Catholic children, but bad in its influence upon every child. By deliberately excluding religion, it leads the pupil to believe, as Dr. Weigle has written, that religion is of no great importance. Does that influence upon the future citizen make for peace, order, and good citizenship? Can the school in which so deleterious an influence exists, be the school which the Fathers of this Republic would approve as the indispensable basis of good government?

Once this country of ours was a Christian country. Today, six out of every ten men, women and children, own no allegiance to any form of religion. For nearly a century, the great majority of American children have been trained in the public schools. At the expiration of that fair trial, less than forty per cent of the population is, even by profession, Christian, and this is the most criminal country in the world.

No, we do not admire the public-school system. In its rejection of religion and of morality definitely based upon religion, it promotes the best interests neither of religion nor of good government.

What Is a College?

A CCORDING to Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, one of our sagest commentators on educational affairs, there are four conflicting desires in our colleges.

One aims by premature specialization to form "technicians in scholarship." A second makes the college a kind of trade school by teaching the youth how to make a living, rather than how to live. The third would provide "four years of pleasant social experiences, with a veneer of polite accomplishment, with athletics and student activities bulking large in the life of the undergraduates as they submit to be gently sprayed with culture." We recognize these pictures, and seek a fourth. Dr. Bell provides it. The fourth desire is "the old one of turning out thoughtful and balanced people."

Does Dr. Bell find all four desires conflicting in the same institution? Or is he dividing all collegiate Gaul into four parts?

We are not quite sure. But we greatly fear that the college which aims to produce thoughtful and balanced people must find that the coordination of this purpose with the mandates of the standardizers in "education" is a task of supreme difficulty. For what the standardizers seem to demand is not the old-fashioned garden in which plants may grow, but a factory in which articles are promptly made to order by machinery.

Getting into His Mind

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

WHENEVER Catholic and Protestant get into controversy, either publicly or privately, the Catholic is at the disadvantage of not knowing the other fellow's mind. Consequently, while apparently talking logically in English, they are actually talking in two different languages which neither of them understands. Nothing bewilders a Catholic more than to find himself the object of suspicion or hatred, to explain lucidly (as he thinks) that he isn't so bad after all, and then to find next day that the Protestant has repeated the same things he said before, just as if the Catholic hadn't said a word. If this leads him to distrust his own lucidity, it should not; the explanation is that however lucid you are, there is no use being lucid when you are lucid in the Chinese language and the other man is talking in Plattdeutsch.

The born-and-bred Catholic never does get into his adversary's mind. Having been myself a Protestant most of my life, though not now, I can get into it, and it may help the born-and-bredder if I explain the way a Protestant thinks about him and how he gets that way. What I am about to say will seem incredible to the born-and-bredder; he will be unable to understand how the God-given capacity to reason can ever be so mishandled, and may not believe me, therefore; so all I can do is to assure him that what I tell him is true, even though this time I myself may seem to him to be speaking in Chinese or something equally incomprehensible.

First, then, the Catholic thinks he belongs not only to a church, but to "the" Church. The first shock I have to give him is to tell him that to the Protestant mind he does not belong to the Church, or to a church, or to anything which can be dignified with the name of church. This assertion covers the "near-illiterate belt," as Mr. Lloyd Lewis happily put it in his book "Myths about Lincoln," in which anything about a Catholic is believed, provided it is discreditable. It also covers the more intelligent descendants of the Anglo-Saxon pioneers who have never bothered to ask any questions about us and have taken their opinions ready-made from either Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" or Maria Monk, or, more likely, from no book at all but from tradition. And these constitute a great majority of the Protestants in this country, and the majority of the people of the United States are Protestants—in name, anyway. But does it cover the "fair-minded," more intelligent and "reasonable" Protestants? Not on the surface, but it does if you dig a little under the skin. Dig far enough, and you will find the "fair-minded" and "intelligent" Protestant brother under the skin to the Ku Kluxer and the *Fellowship Forum*, though he will frantically deny it. There are exceptions, certainly; I am laying down nothing but a general rule for the general run.

In the last Presidential campaign, Senator Joseph T. Robinson, the Democratic candidate for Vice President,

devoted a part of nearly every speech which got into print in the East to explaining to his audiences that the Catholic Church really was a church; that its aim was to do good, serve God, and save souls, just like the Protestant churches. His audiences were Protestant ones. A speaker in campaign times never wastes himself talking on irrelevant subjects; he is a busy, hardworking man, whose object is to make every word tell, and he talks only on subjects which will make votes, confute the adversary, win the hostile, and reclaim the bolters. So when Mr. Robinson explained so fervently and so often that the Catholic Church was a church, he was conveying a new idea to his audiences, one which he hoped would restrain the Democrats among them from bolting a ticket headed by a Catholic.

It was indeed a new idea. It involved, for many of his auditors, the complete overturn of a lifelong preconception. It involved a revolutionary readjustment of a mental inheritance which was an integral part of all those auditors thought they knew. Is it possible for a born-and-bred Catholic to imagine such a thing? Yet he had better begin to imagine it, if he desires at all to get into the Protestant mind.

Well, then, if the Catholic Church is not a church, much less "the" Church, what is it, to these darkened minds? A political machine. It bewilders Catholics to find their religion treated with levity or disrespect, but here they have the clue, if they will follow it. Why should anybody pay any great respect to a political machine? Why shouldn't it be treated with levity? What attention does it merit, except such attention, kindly or unkindly, as is given, for instance, to Tammany Hall?

What is the object of this political machine, which to the minds Senator Robinson addressed is the Catholic Church? The same as that of any other political machine: wealth and power. As the Tammany organization is headed by the ablest politician in it, called the Boss, so this other machine is headed by the ablest politician in it, called the Pope. He controls a great organization of heelers and wire-pullers, called "priests," whose object is the same as that of the heelers and wire-pullers in Vare's Philadelphia Republican machine: to serve the head of the machine so efficiently by their skilful arts that they can advance themselves in the organization to higher offices, such as a bishopric or a cardinalate, or even, if they are smart enough, to the Papacy itself.

At this point some heated reader will say, "But they can see us going to church, can't they? They can see our works of charity, our good deeds; they can't be so dumb as not to know that we really do hold a religion." They do see these things, with a smile of pity for our ignorance and darkness. It is all a part of the paraphernalia. The "cunning" priests invent all this mumbo-jumbo so as to make their "dupes" believe they are performing a religious action and keep them in perpetual

subjection to the machine. That is how the Vatican-ruled machine accomplishes its deeds of darkness; by having always under its control a multitude of slaves, who aid it in its graspings at wealth and power in the false belief that they are performing religious acts and are members, really, of a "church."

This brings us to a further ramification of the Protestant mind: the Catholic Church is not only a political machine, it is a secret society, like the Freemasons. The "crafty" priests have the passwords and the grips, they are the hierophants who know the secrets. The multitude of Catholics "patter" prayers and "count their beads," but know nothing of what is going on in the inner circles; though, strangely enough, all the Protestants do. And what is the object of this secret society? The political control of the nations, the aggrandizement of the hierophants, and the social control of the units in the Church through a most cunningly contrived and devilish device called "confession."

I said at the beginning that what I had to say would seem incredible. It does, doesn't it? But it is the explanation of the present-day hostility to the Church in a land which, whatever may be said of other lands, has known no religious wars, no St. Bartholomew; in which, since its foundation as a nation, the Catholics one and all have minded their own business, in which their priests have gone about the service of God and the welfare of man, and nothing else. How could hostility persist in the face of such a record, open as the day to every observer, unless there were a counterbalancing superstition too strong to be overthrown by the evidence of eyes and ears? There is such a superstition, and this is it.

Now for the "fair-minded," the "reasonable," the "intelligent." Again I admit there are exceptions, and only speak of the general run. Let any one of them talk long enough, and sooner or later he will speak of the centuries-old and undiminished power of the Church over men; speak of it with honest admiration. And then he will attribute it to "its wonderful organization." Not to the fact that it speaks the word of God to the soul of man; not to anything spiritual in it; to its "wonderful organization." In other words, to its ingenious machine. Again you come back to the machine. Scratch the "intelligent" Protestant, and under the skin he is brother to the astonished auditors of Senator Joseph T. Robinson in Missouri and Kentucky, or wherever, last year. He is better educated, he has read more books, he does not think of the Church as solely a machine and a secret society, as they do; but to him as to them, its power is not spiritual, but the power of a machine.

He will go further, and tell you how the Church holds men by its appeal to "beauty," or to "the sensuous spirit." Here again he is paying tribute to the skill of the machine; it recognizes a need for beauty in man's soul, and has the political intelligence to play on it. The Puritans did not have that political intelligence, and lost a good bet by their lack of it. That, and nothing else, is what this talk about "beauty" and "the sensuous spirit" comes to. Catholics will not understand it in the least, Catholics, who go to Mass in a shanty, if there

is no better building, or find some way to hear it on a desert island in a tent, with no "beauty" and no "appeal to the sensuous spirit." These "fair-minded" "intelligent" Protestants, whom I will designate more accurately as "the highbrow element," always have in mind some cathedral when they think of Mass; it is the only kind of Catholic church they ever go into, and from it they form all their impressions. From these cathedrals, edified by what they have seen of "beauty" and the "sensuous spirit," they issue forth to patronize us and praise us for our "wonderful organization," with a sigh of regret that Knox and Calvin were not smart enough to think of that.

But as for recognizing the spiritual in the Church, which is properly all there really is of it, they are as far afield as Senator Robinson's hearers, on whom they look down with some pity for their lack of "fairness" and "intelligence." Again—it cannot be said too often—there are exceptions. What I am trying to do is to explain to Catholics the general run of the Protestant mind.

It is an inherited mind. Nothing the Protestant sees today has anything to do with it. It is a mind handed down to him, and impervious to the daily sights and sounds around him. An inherited mind is the toughest thing in the world to argue with. And now, perhaps, some controversial Catholics may have a clue to why all their gentle and lucid explanations to controversial Protestants about the Church founded by God in Bethlehem are of no more avail in convincing that Protestant mind than would be so many recitations of the alphabet.

Signs of the Silly Season

JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR.

SUMMER is the silly season. This is almost proverbial. The dog star is a bit rabid. The sun is hot, and with reason. The moon, foster-mother of lunatics, is extra broad, for it must shine on the expanse of harvest fields. All of us are, more or less, slightly perturbed. There is a quotation which I cannot remember with any degree of exactitude but it runs something like this: "All the world is daft, except thee and me, and sometimes I have my doubts of thee."

Summer has always been a season of madness but there was once a time when there was a certain reasonableness in our mental shortcomings. I mean that in the olden days we seemed able to recognize our aberrations and evaluate them for what they were. In other words we were not too serious in our foolishness. We did not wholly believe in our demented selves. We paid homage to Sirius, it is true, but we did so with our tongue in our cheek.

Any one of us, who is old enough to remember voting for William Jennings Bryan, will know what I mean. There was an era when we complacently read what was really the delightful fiction of our summer newspaper. It was in the day of the frequently-seen sea serpent, which frolicked off the New Jersey beaches. At that time no one was astonished when he was informed by his favorite

daily that a turtle had been found with the date 1492 carved on its shell. We were able to smile at the assertion that Columbus, himself, might have had a hand in the knife-work. President Roosevelt, come summer, would have something to say about nature fakers. There was the tall tale of the tall ship that roamed the seas, fully rigged, snug and dry, and not a soul aboard. But this was, before the sacrosanct Eighteenth Amendment; and Joan Lowell had not yet learned to spit in the teeth of a gale. It was a mad time, as I have said, but a merry one.

But *O tempora! O mores!* (which is but two ways of saying that there is such a thing as philosophical mutability) there is and has been a change. Now there is no method in our madness. Rather there is madness in our method. Something is lately amiss with our behavior. Our receptors, conductors and effectors have been short-circuited. Our hormones may continue to stir us up, as of yore, but our reaction-mass as a whole is, as a whole, in a pitiable state. To put it lightly, our base seems very uncertain and we are some distance from it.

This, at least, is my impression. And this impression came to me in an insane, drunken way, after a ten-day perusal of the daily press during that glorious period which is late July. The stories which I read struck me as abnormal. If the newspapers reflect the common mind, as they have been accused of doing, I wondered what a psychiatrist would have to say of the common mind. The stories in part are put down, here, as I found them.

In Detroit, a Federal judge dismissed a case of alleged prohibition violation. The reason for the dismissal was given as the untrustworthy character of a Volsteadian sleuth's keen scent. The enforcement officer walked through a certain section of the city and smelled, or thought he smelled, the delectable odor of brew in the making. He investigated with a warrant procured for the search of the house from which it seemed that delightful fragrance came forth. He found home brew and an arrest was made. But it was further adduced that the neighborhood was noted for the pungency of its alcoholic aroma. Therefore the learned jurist ruled that the search warrant should not have issued, since there was no certainty in the case and the charge was dismissed. Dr. John B. Watson should be interested in this sort of behavior.

From Chicago comes the story of the thirsty women. Smartly gowned they were, says the account, and all of them had been eating fish. It is presumed that it was salt-water fish—a bad practice in a fresh-water country. Anyhow, they wanted beer, cold and amber-colored, and with a kick in it. So they went to a police station in Hyde Park and asked the smiling deskman for directions. This was quite right. A policeman in Chicago should know his way about. And let this procedure put at rest, once and for all, the absurd theory that woman is wholly intuitive.

Back in Detroit, again, we find the nervous gentleman walking down the streets of that beautiful metropolis, with a pint flask in his hip-pocket. In the flask is a distillation that is, perhaps, more potent than it should be.

A policeman approaches. The culprit, reacting, no doubt to a guilty conscience, reaches for his hip. The policeman, promptly and with great expertness, shoots him in the leg. He thought that our nervous gentleman was about to pull a gun. The gesture towards the hip was too significant. And I have long thought that it was rather unmanly, rather snobbish, to carry a handkerchief in one's sleeve.

Skipping about geographically, hither and yon, we next find ourselves, as the lecturers say, in the bucolic sections of the sometimes dry State of Ohio. We have a cow, to all intents and purposes a contented cow, grazing in a meadow. She wanders about rather aimlessly and anon comes to a babbling brook. At least it babbled in her case, as we shall see. It would appear from the evidence before me that the cow was about her business of making milk and as a consequence was not adverse to a bit of water in the process. So, she drinks from the pellucid stream. She not only drinks but drinks with an unusual relish. Eagerly and feverishly she drinks again, and again. She goes away from the rivulet but always she returns. Then she begins to act in a manner that experience has taught is foreign to the way of cows who pretend to a degree of respectability. She evidently imagines that she is not a cow but a gaited horse or a hobbled pacer. It is not recorded that she tried to jump over the moon but this, no doubt, was because it was too early in the day for the moon to be about its business. After indulging in various Pickwickian antics, she finally staggers and falls and is very, very sick.

But this was but a minor part of the story. For all this took place under the very watchful eye of a deputy sheriff of the great commonwealth, a truly remarkable man, stern and acute. He investigates. Ah! the stream is full of a foreign substance. Our sheriff is an experienced individual. With a speed that would have done credit to Sherlock Holmes, and without the assistance of a hypodermic, a pipeful of stag tobacco, or a friendly Dr. Watson, (not the behaviorist; rather the misbehaviorist,) he arrives at his well-warranted deduction. The stream is full of sour mash. Vigilant in the pursuit of his duty he traces out the trail of the mash and arrests are made. What became of the cow is not set forth, though for the life of me I cannot see why a milk punch did not find its way into the narrative.

Again in Michigan, we now come to the famous and international case of the flag-bedecked stickers. Some wag, with an inventive but low sense of humor, designed the little posters to paste on the wind shields of automobiles returning from Canada. The Dominion has an all-compelling lure for many of our most law-abiding citizens. The attraction may, or may not, have to do with the manner in which the sale of intoxicants is controlled by our enterprising neighbor. But to our stickers—they are a little better than a foot long, and six inches wide. On each corner of them is a small picture of the Stars and Stripes. Between the flags are these words, printed in bold faced type:

DON'T SHOOT. WE ARE NOT BOOTLEGGERS.

Now these seemingly innocent attempts to be funny

at the expense of Federal prohibition agents have stirred up no end of discussion, and along with imported whiskey, they are to be banned. The enforcement agents have taken umbrage at the delightful advice contained on the signs. They are, they have pointed out, but human, with feelings like the rest of men. A little rough and abrupt, to be sure, but beneath the badge of authority on their manly chests, are honest, if tender hearts. Their protests have reached the ears of no less a personage than the Attorney-General of the State. And he has ruled that the signs must come off. Not because of the violet-like nature of the customs' men, but because they are in violation of the law. The use of them is contrary to a Michigan statute which makes the desecration of the flag a misdemeanor, not a felony as is the selling of a glass of beer, but a misdemeanor.

Nor is this all. That staid and dignified journal the *Detroit Free Press*, long famous as a conservative organ, is also disturbed, not to say peeved. Under a caption "Cheap Scofflawry," published on August 1, 1929, it has an editorial, admonishing those who would be humorous with the sticky wit of another. In it we read:

Stickers that bear at either end a representation of the Stars

and Stripes and between them an appeal not to shoot, as the car contains no liquor or its occupants are not bootleggers, are not only desecratory of the flag, but intend to excite ridicule and contempt for the authority that the flag symbolizes.

Besides, the editorial points out, sagely enough, these stickers can have no protective value. It solemnly warns its readers that "enforcement officers cannot afford to pay attention to an expedient which the bootleggers themselves would be the first to adopt." As the sports' writers say, there is one for the book. Indeed it should be preserved. "Enforcement officers cannot afford to pay any attention to an expedient"—well, anyway, the joke-smiths have been frustrated, though there is many a bereaved family in this country which might not see any joke in it at all.

Heigh ho! The days are still hot. Summer madness will not be done with for a month, or more. Maybe a trip to the cool, well-regulated reaches of some of the Canadian Provinces would restore our sadly disturbed balance. Sometimes too much is more than enough. Olfactory detectives, thirsting ladies, debauched, if rollicking cows, and ponderous editorials can be much too silly. Why, I wonder, did Charles Dickens live in the long ago?

I'll Never Write Another Like It

MYLES CONNOLLY

SOME short time ago I became an author. I had gone along most of my life, eating and drinking and laughing, like any man of ordinary sense. Then, one day some publishers for some mysterious reason brought out a book with my name on it. I saw my name listed here and there—mostly in paid advertisements—and I have not been the same man since. I became what is jocularly known as an author.

I am no more an author than most of the people who write books. But somehow or other the public insists on having authors as it insists on having heroes. I protested. But the more I protested the more the legend grew. It was my modesty, some people said. Others maintained I was eccentric. They nodded wisely to one another and smiled. They *knew* me. But I could do nothing about it. I had written a book, hadn't I? Well, that was enough. I was an author.

At first, I worried about the lie. No man of ordinary integrity who weighs one hundred and ninety pounds likes to be identified as a sort of invisible core of a hollow myth. I did all I could to dispel the illusion and redeem myself. It was useless. The public in the face of fact stuck, like a man of science, to the legend. So I gave up.

But the other day I received a statement on the sales of the book from the publisher. I have been very happy since. I hasten to get this article into print. The truth in that publisher's statement is so obvious, so compelling, that I doubt if even your professional book-lover can talk it away. I feel sure I am restored to—what is it authors say?—to my pristine honor. I have written a book. But I think no one can now call me an author.

The name of the book was "Mr. Blue." I do not know how many copies were printed but just two thousand two hundred and forty-one copies were sold. This grand total includes the sales of an English edition. This vast enterprise brought me a clear profit of three hundred and twenty-two dollars. Two hundred and fifty dollars of this were advanced me by the publisher last autumn when I happened to be a little more broke than usual. The balance—which anyone can figure out for himself—is still due me. According to my contract—for these great ventures are conducted by contract—this will be paid me in November. I am looking forward to a bountiful Christmas.

Now, I don't know what anyone else may think but I think I have done a very exclusive thing. No author could ever have done it. I feel far superior to those precious scribblers who bring out a limited de luxe edition of their works for friends only. I like to believe that to get a copy of "Mr. Blue" one must be a friend of mine and have letters from one's pastor and congressman. I sit back and picture my publishers in a massive dark room gathered about a great mahogany table deliberating whether So-and-so should receive a copy of the book. So-and-so's family and position are considered. The letters are read. Then, the white-haired president of the firm stands up in his cutaway and takes the vote. The decision is straightway transferred to parchment and sent by special messenger to the lucky applicant. It is thus that I like to consider my book in all its exclusiveness. Perhaps the picture is not altogether true. But a man should be allowed some liberties, I say.

Especially when he has written a book that nobody has read.

Some cynic will, I know, stand up and try to detract from my glory. He will declare, with the statistics at hand, that if two thousand two hundred and forty-one copies were bought someone, according to the law of averages, must have read one copy. There is something to be said for this argument, though I must say that to date the law of averages has never worked in my favor. But let us consider it.

Most of the sales were made, I am sure, during the Christmas season. If I figure two thousand copies as Christmas gifts that leaves two hundred and forty-one readers. This is a staggering number, I admit. But when you consider the number of people who read Elinor Glyn, Harold Bell Wright, and the Hearst Sunday Supplement, it is really not so large. Besides, the book was not so very much of a book. It was short, disjointed and fanciful. It had no kick in it. The hero, as I remember him, died. But still, even with these facts in mind, I feel that the estimate of two hundred and forty-one readers is enormously too high. I might say that it is about two hundred and forty-one too high.

I look at it this way. Of those two hundred and forty-one readers—that is people who bought the book with the intention of reading it—one hundred discovered when half way through the book that there was no heroine in it. Now, this is fatal. I can understand how the readers felt. I can see them searching the first pages for sight of red lips and shining eyes, and then, as no red lips or shining eyes appeared, giving the tedious job up with relief. I can imagine them saying across the kitchen or library table: "Humph! What a lot of flapdoodle this is!" And their complaint is just. What use is a book unless it be romantic? And how can a book be romantic without a beautiful woman?

There remain one hundred and forty-one presumable readers. But we can strike off a hundred of these immediately—the hundred who discovered that there was religion in the book. I must confess publicly to this error on my part. I forgot myself here and there, and mentioned certain religious ideas. I really knew before I wrote the book—as I know now—that that sort of stuff simply doesn't sell.

There is, I am aware, a religious appeal one can put in a book and still have it profitable—the appeal of the universal spirit of man and the hidden soul of nature. I could have done this—could have had my hero go up to the hill tops and commune with the ether and declare his great mission of the triumph of mind. I have read quite a bit of this stuff myself and have always found it amusing. But, somehow, when writing the book it all slipped my mind. My hero had a weakness for a sacramental and dogmatic religion. I knew better, as I have said, than to have him so. I'm afraid I was a victim of some peculiar perversity. And I am paying for it, as my publisher's statement discloses.

But I had no ill feeling toward anyone and harbor no regret. You can't expect modern, practical, active people to be interested in wishy-washy stuff. I used to think, I

must confess, that my hero was rather a manly fellow. Had he lived long enough, he might have gone out and built bridges and flown across the ocean and become a bank president. He might, even, have married a sweet little country girl or a beautiful actress. But he died on me just when he was a laborer in a lumber yard. He was just the sort of person to do that. And that's no way for a man to be a hero. I am sure everybody will agree.

My analysis leaves me now with what appears to be forty-one readers. Actually, the number is not so great. We can eliminate twenty of these immediately. There were twenty good people who bought the book out of some sort of loyalty and seriously intended to read it but they just never got around to it. One is so busy nowadays, and there are so many things to attend to. Then, there were ten readers who couldn't get very far into the book because they didn't like my style. Anybody can understand this. A good literary style should have some sparkle to it, a bit of daring, a little spice. Here and there it should have a lilt, and here and there, especially at the ends of chapters, what is known as punch.

But I never could manage a style. Years ago I used to try to cultivate mannerisms and flourishes. Once, even, I began a notebook which had some epigrams in it, and some shrewd commentaries on life compressed into neat, metallic little sentences. But I had no aptitude for the work and gave it up. I have a very poor vocabulary, a weakness for monosyllables, no knowledge of grammar, and haven't read more than six books in three years. It is obviously impossible for me to have a style.

Eleven readers remain. Ten of these can, however, be promptly dismissed. These are the ten brave people who actually bought the book and carried it around with them but who, in a moment of carelessness, mislaid it or left it in taxicabs, trains, and hotel lobbies. One of them let it slip down under the seat of the car. Possibly, two.

It appears, then, that there is one person who actually did read my book. Of the two hundred and forty-one people who bought the book to read it, two hundred and forty have been eliminated. I wish I could write that that one person did read the book. I am almost tempted to say that he did do it. But I must be truthful. That one ultimate person *did not read the book*. I know, for I happen to be that last person myself.

I can tell you quickly how it happened. About six months after the book was published I thought I would like to see a copy. The publishers, as required by contract, had sent five copies to my business address. But it so happened that soon after signing the contract I changed jobs and addresses and the five copies went to my successor in business. Now, my successor, who is a very dear friend of mine, could not see what interest I could have in a book like "Mr. Blue." He allowed the five copies to clutter up his office for some weeks. Then, one day wearying of the sight of them and being somewhat of a practical joker, he took the telephone directory and sent the books off collect to the first five names beginning with Z. Accordingly, I sent to the publishers for the book.

After the customary delay, the book—and bill—arrived. I scanned it, liked the type and margins, and determined to read it. But one thing came up, and then another, as things will, and I never did get an opportunity. Finally, a few days ago I had an afternoon to myself. It was the occasion I had long been seeking. I made myself comfortable on the porch, lighted a cigar, slipped my feet out of my shoes, loosened my collar . . . and took up the book. Just as I reached the first page of the first chapter, the mailman arrived. And with him arrived the aforementioned statement from the publishers.

There and then I made a decision. I put the book down and away, once and for all and forever. I shall never read it. I am determined I shall not be the first one to mar its extraordinary record. I, being responsible for the achievement, claim and merit that privilege. And I feel everybody will agree with me . . . I am not an

author. But I am the man who has written a book nobody has read.

* * *

I am very grateful to the publishers for having supplied me with the data on which this article is built. I am myself again. No more shall I be annoyed by literary societies and publishers of directories. No longer will libraries write to me for my photograph. No longer will I be supposed to know and discuss books and authors. No longer will humorless people lie about me. No longer will anyone believe that I roam the earth looking for characters and situations and plots. The myth is exposed. I was, I admit, somewhat responsible for it in the first place. But I promise it will not happen again. I shall be careful. I am weak and impulsive and fond of a lark. I ask the Lord to give me strength never to fall again.

Book Lessons and Life Lessons

MARY H. KENNEDY

THE First Gospel has been read. You seat yourself in your pew, spread out your starched white dress in a most precise and ladylike fashion over your short legs, and after one fleeting and prideful glance at your bright new patent-leather slippers with their "spring" heels, you settle your small plump self to listen to the announcements for the week.

Through the opened window comes a newsboy's cry: "Sunday *H-e-r-a-l-d* . . . S-u-n-d-a-y *Herald*." The accents "click, click," as if sung to the beat of Sister Beatrice's metronome. A miserable fly persists in annoying you. A candle splutters and goes out. In the rear of the church a baby cries fretfully.

"The grade school will open a week from tomorrow morning with Solemn High Mass at eight o'clock. The Bishop will preach the sermon. . . ." You knew it was coming, that announcement. You could have rattled it off yourself had your pastor failed in its telling. Despite this knowledge, though, you experience a sinking sensation in the region of your stomach. (Perhaps it isn't your stomach—perhaps it's your heart that experiences this peculiar sensation. You never can tell them apart, your physiological organs.)

Vacation over! You can't really believe it. Of course, you had come home from up north just because school was about to open. Of course, you knew it always did open in September. Yet—yet there was ever a possibility the world might end before the dread date or the school catch fire and burn down! You suppose that this last thought is a trifle wrong, maybe *all* wrong, but it had been struck by lightning once and almost burned down!

You gain courage while thinking of God's Mother. And, anyway, Sister Rose is to be your teacher this year. You shiver a little. Sister Rose! You will love her very much, you know, but you are anxious to find out if she is as strict as they say she is. You have been told that she can make things very interesting.

The final week of vacation consists simply of one day.

You go to bed one night and the next morning you are called to "get up and get ready for school." That's all there is to it. You "get up."

"I am going to wear this dress," you state with as much assurance in your voice as you can muster. *This* dress is a tan and white checked cloth, with a soft baby-blue silk blouse, lace collared and lace cuffed, and topped by a darling Eton jacket.

"That is not a suitable dress for school," Home Authority answers.

"But everybody dresses up the first day," you plead.

"Put on your pink and white gingham. You would feel very much out of place in anything else, my dear. Be democratic. All little girls wear gingham to school." Be democratic! You had no wish at all to be democratic. Your father was a Democrat and all your young life hadn't you heard that "Democrats never do get anything?" You still have a strong and ardent desire to walk up the church aisle arrayed in that favorite dress of yours, but you don the pink and white gingham. The tantalizing odor of grape jelly in the making pervades the house. You linger.

"There's the quarter-to-eight bell!" you are warned.

A quarter to eight! Oh, you mustn't be late the first day! A goodbye kiss, one last sniff, and out of the back door you burst, down to the rear gate and through it, over the hill and down the intervening streets—a fat pink and white comet, with an appendage of tight brown curls flying in the winds. You reach the church with two minutes to spare. And when you march down the aisle and there stretches before your eyes the panorama of lighted altars, the pews on the right filled with boys and those on the left with girls, the black bonnets of the Sisters but intensifying the bright colors of the feminine hats and dresses, you are very very glad you belong where you do and that school is open and that you have on your pink and white gingham.

And when your fatherly old Bishop gets up into the

pulpit and tells you how pleased he is to see all of you gathered together again for the school opening and how God expects you in your school to learn to know Him and to love Him and to serve Him in this world and to be happy forever with Him in Heaven and how your country expects you to learn to read and write in order to become good citizens—well, you know very well that it isn't your *stomach* now but your *heart* that first has that sinking sensation and then beats itself almost to pieces in excitement and happiness and good resolutions.

Sister Rose can make things interesting. There is no doubt about that. One morning your best friend Mattie shows you her new birthday ring. You try it on your own hand; with the two rings you yourself possess you are quite resplendent. You whisper back of your geography: "Have you seen my cows come home?" Those nearest to you break into a giggle. You are hungry for more attention. You borrow every ring and "friendship" bracelet of all the little girls who will loan them. Each finger is covered with rings. You are in ecstasy and the whole room now in a titter.

"Mary Kennedy!" Ah!

"Come up here!" Crestfallen, scared, you stumble up to Sister Rose's desk.

"Take off those gewgaws." You do. You lay them on the desk before Sister. She takes up each one and calmly places them on the tips of her slim fingers. "Go back to your seat." You manage to reach it. And for half an hour you are left in silence to gaze upon the amazing spectacle of Sister Rose's glittering hands. "One ring or two," you and the others are told at the end of that terrifying period, "will not make any little girl unladylike, but more than that—" You can see very readily what "more than that" does to those who are trying to learn to become like unto God's Blessed Mother. You learn all kinds of lessons besides reading, writing and arithmetic in some such fascinating and thrilling fashion.

A little later comes the period in which you start to read everything you can get your hands on. And for a dubious assistance in "composition" rendered to any classmate who asks for it you are given in return something to read. But Sister Mary Agnes keeps a wary eye upon your quite unsuspecting self. She it is, who finds you just about to commence "The Three Musketeers!"

"You wouldn't understand this," is all she says as she relieves you of what you think, after a casual inspection, especially of the heroes' names, is a pretty dull book indeed. And she conducts you to the school library (a most unpretentious and meager library, you must confess!) where she puts into your eager hands Father Finn's latest story. Before she does this, however, you are obliged to promise her that you will read nothing from now on except what Home Authority or one of the Sisters gives you. As any book is meat to you you promise quickly.

You are piloted through many a trying and difficult period. Sandwiched in between morning Mass and a good-night visit to our Blessed Lord in the Cathedral across the street are all too short and delightful hours in your parish school—the "best" school, you know, in the

entire city; the "toughest" school, your public-school rivals know, because the Irish can fight their battles and *win* them! . . .

You are taught the lesson of humility. Given in your first oral-composition contest the "wood" side of the question: "Is wood more important than iron?" to talk about, you are cockily sure right from the very beginning that you will win. Aren't you taking "elocution" lessons? And can't you now say without one hesitating lisp: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers"? You know, or think you do, everything there is to know concerning the lumber business of northern Michigan and in your vivid imaginative way you have traveled all over the seven seas in ships. You know the importance of wood! There is a big "cook stove," too, in your home kitchen! And you orate that importance; you gesticulate it. Only to be told at the end, in no uncertain terms, that "Iron," upheld by a bespectacled calm little statistic-loving classmate wins the contest on all counts, but chiefly because of her *facts*. "Mine are facts, too!" you sing out in rebellion. "Facts of the fancy," comes the decision. And from that day on, you are cocky no more!

The fires of religious fervor and of patriotism are enkindled in your plastic young soul. You read over and over again "The Lives of the Saints." You long to get a chance to be thrown to the lions—to be burned at the stake for your Faith. Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Robert E. Lee become your elbow companions. Sister Gertrude, whose grandfather was a General in the Union army, portrays many a realistic battle for you. You pray every day—secretly—that a war will start and *you* in some marvelous Grimm-fairy-tale way, turn into a feminine Horatius at the Bridge or a Paul Revere or a Molly Pitcher or somebody similar. You have no fear that your country will lose one solitary little battle. Won't every boy in *your* school form a company or a regiment or something and march forth to defend America? You can see yourself trotting along! For quite thrillingly, the boys say that they will refuse to go if *you* do not go, too!

You are introduced to Death. Like "Beauty" Steele, you have been introduced to Death at your birth, but you are blissfully ignorant of the fact. One of the Sisters, a teacher in an upper grade, dies rather unexpectedly. You recall the day she met you in the hall when you were returning from the cloak room where you had gone to see if your new coat were still hanging there. You had explained your anxiety to her. She had laughed and caught you in her arms and hugged you. And now she is *dead! Dead!* You try to vision Death. . . . Death!

Then Home Authority tells you that the polite thing to do is to call at the Sisters' house and say how sorry you are about their loss. School Authority, too, expects this courteous act. You do not rebel exactly but you hate going. You put it off until the last moment. Then, you make a "bee line" for the house, dash up the steps and ring the bell (very softly, of course) before you give yourself time to think any more about it.

Is that a *piano* you hear? You wrinkle your brows.

And Sister dead! And is that a *smile* at the corner of the mouth of Sister Beatrice? "I came to say," you stammer, "how sorry I am to hear that Sister's dead." Ah! It's out. And so, too are the pent-up tears.

Sister Beatrice draws you close. "Yes, dear. We all are sorry that Sister is dead. We loved her and we will miss her. But we are glad for her because now she is with God and His Blessed Mother and with her own dear mother and little sister who went to Heaven years ago."

You catch a sobbing breath. "Is that why you are smiling?" you inquire of Sister Beatrice.

"Yes. It doesn't seem quite right to cry, does it, when Sister is happy?"

Your sobbing ceases. "I just thought of her as *dead*," you explain.

"So many of us do," smiles Sister Beatrice.

You go in to see the one who has found her happiness. There is a tiny smile about her mouth, too. Why—why Death isn't so bad, you decide. Death is *nice*.

Coming out of the Sisters' house you make your good-night visit to our Lord—and there before His altar you tell Him with all the fervor of your little girl heart how thankful—how very, very thankful you are to Him and to His Blessed Mother for *your* school. And all of a sudden you are sorry from the depths of your soul for all the little girls who cannot go to *your* school—who do not have *your* Sisters to teach them and *your* fatherly old Bishop to watch over them. Oh, maybe, *maybe*, they will never know, those other little girls, that *Death is nice*!

PRINCE DAVID

Lovely David, little priest!

(Don't be scandalized

That I should talk so free about

A man who's sacrificed—

For if you ever met him

You'd be not the least surprised.)

David is a flux of joy,

A sheaf of odd delight—

His eyes are gay yet shadowful

As gardens in the night—

And all the world around him grows

Immaculately white.

The pretty ladies taking tea

Sigh deep when he's begun

His "Hello everybody!"

And "Good greetings everyone!"—

For some have very hollow dreams

About the Christ, the Son.

Oh—the moon's a lonely princess with her head upon her knees

The stars are orange-blossoms in the sky—

The earth is full of this and that and many a lass and lad

With foolish love enough to make you cry—

But David's building mansions in the land of gold lagoons

And he prays you'll all be with him when you die!

THOMAS BUTLER.

Sociology

You're Another!

JOHN WILTBYE

NEW YORK is a great city. I fall back in my swivel chair to note the effect of that sentence, its slant, its esoteric implications, the variety of its nuances.

But I am aware that it has been said before.

Except in Chicago, it is generally admitted to be a plain unvarnished statement of fact. But even Chicago will acquiesce as I unfold one of its hidden meanings. Chicago may have more gunmen, but not even in the hey-day of its glory did Chicago have 32,000 speakeasies.

New York has. New York also has a Commissioner of Police who does not often engage in correspondence, but when once in the fray, writes almost as many letters as Mr. Wilkins Micawber. The gentleman who receives these letters is Major Maurice Campbell, Prohibition Administrator for New York, and the subject discussed is the city's 32,000 speakeasies.

Between the Commissioner and the Major one notes a lack of that complete harmony which should exist between two officials bound to uphold the dignity of the law and all that this dignity implies. In restrained language, Major Campbell avers that the 32,000 speakeasies menace the palladium of our liberties. The Commissioner hints a doubt as to the intensity of the menace, and then roundly states that granting the menace, the palladium must take its chances, as far as the New York police are concerned. With only 20,000 policemen, and 32,000 speakeasies, the scales are balanced unfairly. Besides, his primary job is not to catch counterfeiters, bootleggers, and other offenders against Federal statutes. As to the bootleggers, he understands that the Major has been transferred to New York, for the precise and exclusive purpose of closing the speakeasies, and incarcerating the bootleggers. After the "Tex" Guinan fiasco of last Spring, this is a cruel thrust, but the Major is full-panoplied, and will, no doubt, continue to belabor the Police Commissioner as long as his typewriter holds out.

The controversy has its amusing aspects. But fundamentally, it is not amusing at all.

It is even less amusing, I think, than the outrageous affair some months ago when a night-club hostess flounced into a Federal court, and with a hearty laugh stood the whole court on its head. The point at issue between the two officials recalls Mrs. Willebrandt's conclusion that unless the State officials unite with the Federals, neither the Volstead Act, nor any supplementary legislation can be enforced. Here and there we may continue to witness sporadic outbreaks, almost abnormal in their intensity. For a time, sheer ferocity may cow the violators of the Federal prohibition legislation. But they will not remain long in that state.

Bootlegging, as the Federal officials do not appear to understand, has become a highly profitable business. It is profitable simply because millions of people have decided that they will continue their drinking habits. These drinkers are sustained, indirectly, by an almost equal num-

ber of citizens, who although total abstainers, look upon the Volstead and many State acts, as of no binding effect whatever. The bootleggers appear to have engaged the services of men skilled in business, to care for the marketing of their products, and of able attorneys to protect them against hostile legislation. Briefly, as the owners of a profitable business, they have omitted nothing that can protect their investment.

In face of this condition which exists in varying degrees practically all over the country, it is futile to think that Prohibition can be enforced by asking the people not to drink. It is equally futile to believe that satisfactory enforcement can be obtained by enlisting the local police. The price of Prohibition is either a reign of terrorism, paralyzing constitutional government, or some means—I confess I do not know what that means might be—of bringing an influential majority to voluntary teetotalism. An educational campaign might possibly change the drinking habits of the country, but none is on foot at present, as far as I know. The wild exhortations of the Methodist Board, of the Anti-Saloon League, and of similar associations (which present an appeal weirdly composed of debased religion, and even more debased partisan politics) can hardly be described, I think, as educational.

In the meantime, possibly under the stress of Mrs. Willebrandt's revelations, State and Federal officials are carrying on a policy of "you're another!"

"If you are unwilling to discharge your sworn obligations to the Federal Government," writes the New York Police Commissioner to Major Campbell, *in re* the 32,000 speakeasies, "or if you wish to make a confession of your inability effectively to direct the activities of your department, for which a large portion of a \$36,000,000 appropriation is allotted, the admission should be primarily to your superiors in Washington, instead of passing the buck to the State law-enforcing officers." This suggestion was offered after the Commissioner had consulted with the acting Chief City Magistrate, Judge Corrigan, and the district attorneys of the five counties in the city of New York. These officials are ready and anxious to fulfill their duties as New York officials. It appears, however, that they decline to accept anomalous appointment as administrators of, and prosecutors under, a Federal act.

The point is well taken. Major Campbell is an official of courage and intelligence, but it is to be feared that in undertaking to remind the city officials of their obligation to close the speakeasies as nuisances under the State law, he has gone far beyond his province. What New York or any other State or city, does or fails to do to enforce its constitutional legislation, is no business whatever of the Federal Government, or of any of its officials, from the President down. To suggest what a State shall provide, or refuse to provide, in legislating for its own affairs, and in executing its laws, is sheer impertinence. When the suggestion is made with a brandishing of arms and a threatening of penalties, it is far worse than mere impertinence. It is an act which looks to unconstitutional invasion of local sovereignty, to Federal usurpation of local rights, and to the breakdown of the constitutional provisions under which both Governments function.

In sober truth, the present problem is not whether men shall or shall not drink alcoholic beverages. The problem strikes far deeper than any regulation or prohibition of a personal habit. The bootlegger and his backers, whose hold is maintained by perjury, bribery, and even by murder, and the officials who fight against them, often by means scarcely less iniquitous, are a malign factor in modern life, but even they fade in importance before the chief problem which the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead legislation have created.

That problem is whether the local self-government, essential to the American plan of constitutional government, can endure under the impact of nation-wide prohibition.

Education

Preparing the Primary Teacher

SISTER MARY CALLISTA

A VOICE is crying in the wilderness in behalf of Catholic primary education. But how many will heed the appeal in Sister Mary Amata's "Plea to Our Catholic Universities," published in *AMERICA* for July 20?

The needs of our primary teachers are there clearly stated. The danger to the Catholic teacher from the influence of false educational philosophies is given due emphasis. This peril is too evident to be overlooked, except by teachers and administrators who are so busy maintaining standards that they have no time to examine first principles. Best of all, in Sister's article, constructive measures are proposed. Let it be made clear, that we are not engaged in a campaign of invective against our own universities. All recognize the burdens that have weighed upon our institutions in the past decade, and all who have watched them, and have had an opportunity to work in them, rejoice in their achievements.

But let us face the facts.

Religious communities in increasing numbers are sending their members to Catholic summer schools, and to the regular sessions. The undergraduate Sister-student must elect her major, as any other undergraduate must do. This is a splendid arrangement, if the Sister is being prepared to teach in high school or college. Incidentally, it cannot be stressed too forcibly that for those who are later to do graduate work in specialized fields proper sequences must be provided. But suppose she is destined for elementary or grammar grades—where most of us ought to be. It is true that she may elect Education. Listen in, however, on any university or college campus, as I have done on four campuses, in widely separated sections of the country. Your inferences will probably be that the education courses are required in a department which does not present courses better organized; that normal courses, even when bulwarked by fundamental courses in theory, do not demand that caliber of intelligence required in the highly specialized departments. You will undoubtedly conclude that the undergraduate makes a wise choice in entering one of the specialized departments. But she comes home after her residence with a hard-

earned sheepskin and takes up her duties in the classroom.

Is she better fitted to meet her classroom problems?

Of course, she is in a general way. But if she has been delving into higher mathematics, or reveling in the classics, or trying a hand at any one of the natural sciences, then, unless she is the exception, is she likely to find that keen joy in her work in the grades, that not only helps her to "run the way of the Lord," but also helps her to escape the routine that threatens to be dull?

Briefly, that is the case of the Sister who has completed her undergraduate work, and her number is increasing every year.

Now how about the Sister who is doing extension work during the school year in addition to her class work? There are many who are still doing it, especially where State legislation points toward the A. B. requirement for teachers of elementary grades. In this extension work, she is probably dealing in delightful abstractions for several hours a week, and at the same time trying to convince herself that she will find her earthly happiness in taking fourth-graders through the intricacies of long division, or fifth-graders through backgrounds of American history—not to speak of the logical emotion that comes from presenting the combinations to first and second-graders.

It would not be difficult to convince her, if as Sister Mary Amata suggests, Dr. Shields' methods were more widely known. Aren't there leaders somewhere in the country who will second the efforts that Dr. Pace of the Catholic University has been making in his characteristically unobtrusive way? Dr. Pace worked closely with the late Dr. Shields, and Sisters who have followed his courses in Methods of Teaching Religion have returned to their classes stimulated with a desire to aid in moulding little ones to the likeness of their Creator.

Dr. George Johnson, as the article points out, did make efforts which were heartily seconded by Sister Alma and her energetic Dominican Sisters of Newburgh, N. Y., in the Thomas Shields Memorial School, at Washington, D. C. Those of us who had opportunity to observe the work in the primary grades there, were convinced that a beginning had been made in the way of a curriculum that did not treat religion merely as an adjunct, but made it the core of the program. It was surprising how many projects developed. The liturgy was woven in, and the children learned to assist at Mass intelligently. To the regret of those who had followed the work, inadvertent circumstances made the continuance of the school for observational purposes an impossibility. The ideal of the Thomas Shields Memorial School lives, however. All realize that the Shields Method, as first presented, was not perfect. Dr. Johnson and Sister Alma modified it considerably in their seven years of practical experience. While not the only method, it is one based on sound philosophical and pedagogical principles, and has the advantage of having weathered practical situations for seven years. Why not give it a trial?

So many spiritual writers, following St. Paul, are stressing our incorporation in the Body of Christ. If there is incorporation, there must be cooperation, and is

not a spirit of cooperation the test of our membership among the disciples of Christ? The Catholic University at Washington has a splendid opportunity in the growing district of Brookland to build up a demonstration school from which other sections of the country may seek inspiration and guidance and from which ideas may be disseminated through the Educational Department of the N. C. W. C. Talk for half an hour with Mr. Francis M. Crowley, Director of the Bureau of Education of the N. C. W. C., and you will realize that we do not need any new agencies, but simply cooperation to provide at least one Teachers' College with the necessary demonstration school. Sponsored by the Educational Department of the Catholic University of America, it will give primary teachers inspiration, and make them rejoice that their lot has fallen among the little ones of Christ.

With Scrip and Staff

WRITING in the *American Church Monthly* for September, the Rev. Edmund M. Souder pays generous tribute to "Liberalism in the Roman Church." His meaning as to "liberalism" is shown by his words:

In happy contacts with Roman priests, whose friendly attitude and gracious courtesy have often humbled him, the writer has found not that sham "Liberalism" which cloaks a spineless lack of conviction under the fair name "breadth," but that true Liberalism which is the fruit of a humble charity that is rooted in intelligent faith, the expression of a spirit which has learned to "speak the truth in love."

Notable instances are alleged: Letters from Catholic priests to Anglican clerical friends, chance intercourse and turns of courtesy, such as the hospitality shown to the author by a group of six Catholic missionaries with whom he fell in during motor-bus travel. J. S. R.'s letter in *AMERICA* touching this subject is quoted in full, as well as Father Feeney's article on "My Little Minister" (April 6, 1929). In one instance, I am afraid, the spirit of good will put some strain on Catholic liturgical discipline, for he writes: "On an ocean liner a few months ago I said Mass, using the same vestments and sacred vessels (the property of the ship) that a Roman priest used as soon as I had finished. If he felt any resentment, he didn't show it." But the writer does not seem the kind of person who would feel resentment owing to Catholic scruples on such a point; but rather the type of Anglican clergyman with whom the Pilgrim has not infrequently come in contact, and whose genuine goodness and zeal he has venerated.

NOR need we look to Anglicans alone for such instances of true friendliness. The following little incident is related by the *Southern Cross*, of Cape Town, for July 24:

During the recent visit of the American Flagship Raleigh to Liberia, West Coast, some 200 Catholics were unable to go ashore for Mass, but owing to the kindness of the Methodist Chaplain aboard, the Commanding Officer signalled for a priest from the mission station, who came and celebrated Mass. The priest, in thanking the Methodist minister, found him wearing a gold Papal medal, struck for the Holy Year, which he valued highly.

Why are such evidences of fraternal spirit not more common? Many reasons, of course, may be alleged, some of which it might be profitable, some profitless to discuss. But, since the author of the *American Church Monthly* article is stationed in Baguio, in the Philippine Islands, where he has undoubtedly come in contact with American missionaries both Catholic and Protestant, I take the liberty of asking him, as a true friend of Catholics and evidently a lover of peace: "Is not one of the most grievous obstacles to friendly rapprochement between Catholics and Protestants in this country precisely the activity of a certain type of Protestant missionary, particularly in the Philippines and in Latin American countries?" And is not this obstacle one to be, at least, seriously considered if the more speculative obstacles to agreement are to be approached in that reverent and conciliatory spirit which he so desires?

WHAT this type of activity means may be surmised from an article on "Religious Education in the Philippines," by Wade Crawford Barclay, Secretary of the Joint Committee on Religious Education in Foreign Lands, Methodist Episcopal Church, in the *International Journal of Religious Education* for September. Mr. Barclay is enthusiastic about the Filipinos (*italics mine*):

They are rich in imagination and sentiment, with depths of feeling and power of emotion. They are intellectually keen and alert; American teachers say that their high-school classes average as high in quickness of perception, breadth of comprehension and retentiveness, as corresponding groups in United States schools. They respond to moral training; *considering their moral heritage*, they conduct themselves remarkably well. Spiritually they are adrift. They have no misapprehensions concerning the politico-ecclesiastical system which for three hundred years held their fathers in bondage to ignorance, poverty and oppression. They have cut loose from the Roman Catholic Church. They have no respect for it as an institution and no confidence in its teachings. Few of them, especially of the young men, attend its services. Many of them are skeptical concerning all religion. They are raising innumerable questions—yet they are open-minded. They have spiritual aspirations. . . .

This is heartening; both to know that the poor Filipino, staggering under his "moral heritage" can hope to live up to our high standards; and to realize that Rome is now but a dark memory in the Philippines. But still greater encouragement follows:

A fact of great significance in this connection is that in the Philippines the Evangelical churches are working in partnership with the United States Government. The United States has undertaken in the Philippine Islands a great social experiment; the attempt to educate an entire Oriental population. An immense work of elementary education that in most other lands must be done by Christian missions before the full fruitage of evangelization can be reaped . . . is being carried forward in the Philippines by the Government. . . .

Let the above statement not be misunderstood. *The Government is not engaged in religious education* [*italics his*] as such nor has it ever avowed or even acknowledged a partnership with evangelical missionary effort . . . Indeed, in pursuance of its purpose to be neutral the Bureau of Education has leaned backward. It has gone so far officially to forbid teachers in the public schools teaching religion in any religious institution, such as a Sunday school, even outside of schools hours. . . .

Notwithstanding all this, American teachers have been in many respects not only a wholesome influence but a strong Christian force. Laubach, who is not given to exaggeration, declares: "A

volume ought to be written about the quiet, unsung American school teachers. They have done the greatest missionary work in the Islands. . . . In all the world it would be difficult to find so much love lavished by white people upon people of another race as has been poured out in the Philippines."

The writer points out that "in a remarkable way the schools have paved the way for the churches," and that "more than one million Filipino boys and girls are in the public schools of a land where, thirty years ago, it may almost be said there were no schools."

WHAT then, is the objective of the Evangelical churches?

During the first fifteen years the great objective was that of getting a hearing for the evangelical message from the adult generation. With equal enthusiasm they proclaimed the Good News and *condemned the friars* (*italics mine*). Their methods were evangelism and agitation.

We learn that the six Evangelical churches maintaining missions in the Philippine Islands, together with the Independent Methodist Church, have 1,170 Sunday Schools with 6,583 officers and teachers, and 78,325 enrolled members. These results have been achieved, of course, amongst a population almost wholly Catholic.

How definite is the Evangelical objective is indicated by the blunt title given to his widely distributed pamphlet by Mr. F. C. Laubach, who is "not given to exaggeration": "Why Protestants are needed in the Philippines." As recently pointed out by the Rev. Joseph A. Mulry, S. J., in *Cultura Social* (published by the Ateneo of Manila) no great intellectual equipment is needed to refute Mr. Laubach's calumnies against the Church—calumnies that are all the more inconsistent in view of the credit he gave to Catholic Spain and the Catholic Spanish missionaries in his book, "The People of the Philippines." Nor is the position of these modern agitators over-consistent. Mr. Barclay tells us that Filipino youth, deprived of Catholic religious instruction, is "adrift." Since Methodism itself is drifting, tossed between the rocks of Modernism and Fundamentalism, can he forbode a sure anchorage for either their spiritual or their temporal welfare if this youth is further unsettled by a propaganda which views three centuries of decent native civilization as a misfortune?

THAT the Rev. Mr. Souder will agree with these observations on my part, I venture to guess. Very likely he has his own opinion of the type represented by Messrs. Barclay and Laubach. But for the sake of that fraternal union for which he so earnestly prays, can we not ask for more than private sentiments of agreement? Can we not ask our Anglican friends to take a united stand against efforts which have as their objective the weaning away of Catholic youth from their ancestral Faith? There is nothing novel in such a suggestion. Most of us remember the flat disavowal uttered by certain prominent Anglican churchmen years ago in connection with the famous Panama Conference. Individuals have expressed strong disapprobation. But greater definiteness in their position on so vitally Catholic a matter would establish greater confidence amongst Catholics.

The Right Rev. Hiram R. Hulse, D.D., for instance, Bishop of Cuba, tells us in the *Living Church* for July 13 that "the Evangelical Congress held in Havana the last ten days of June was of great interest to those who had been watching the gradual infiltration of Evangelical religious ideas into the minds and consciences of this section of Latin America" (italics mine). He quotes from the address of a Mexican delegate the hope that the congress would accomplish "a study and if necessary a rectification of the systems employed for the evangelization of the different countries, and how best to develop the growing national churches into a full measure of self-government and self-support. "The meetings were held in the Methodist Candler College." The Bishop remarks:

These mass meetings with their large attendance; their devout atmosphere, and the keen attention which was paid to the thoughtful speeches, showed that the Evangelical message had made considerable impression on the more thoughtful members of the community. . . .

The Congress itself paid no attention to political matters, but was concerned simply with the consideration of ways in which the Evangelical message might gain a greater hold on the minds and consciences of the people.

The "impression on the more thoughtful members" is noted. That Bishop Hulse was aware of their purpose is plain. But how about any further impression on Bishop Hulse? Of that nothing definite is gathered from the account. All we learn is that "our own Canon Ricardo D. Barrios of Havana and Sr. J. T. Ramirez of Mexico were elected secretaries," and that "our church was represented by the Ven. Ephraim Salinas of Mexico, and the Cuban delegation of ten of the Cuban clergy, including the Bishop." But Bishop Hulse and Mr. Souder belong, we presume, to the same religious body, the members of which, prays the latter, "may be joined in that visible and holy love which will be the long-delayed answer to Our Lord's prayer for His disciples—*ut omnes unum sint!*" By this, then, our Anglo-Catholic friends, with their contacts and prestige, can help prepare the way for the fulfilment of that prayer. They can certainly agree to the words of the solemn warning written on April 25, 1928, by Archbishop Piani, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands:

Lamentable shall be the day on which it may be said the Philippines is no longer a Christian nation.

When the new generation, reared without any idea of God, shall be master of itself, and when the generation beyond shall be similarly educated without God and de-Catholicized, what will there be left of Christianity in the Philippines?

Can they not agree to the words spoken by Father John F. Hurley, S. J., at the Ateneo in Manila at his return thither this July?

The Philippine Islands has an important and special mission in its life as a nation. The Philippines, remember, is the only Christian, Catholic nation in the Orient. But it cannot remain so for its own sake; it must give the other nations the benefit of its gift, that God-given gift of being the only truly enlightened Oriental country in regard to its knowledge of God!

Frank recognition by Anglicans of the Christian tradition of the Philippines and of Latin-American countries will always be a powerful factor in insuring a truly "liberal" spirit in the breasts of their "Papal" brethren.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Book Reviews and Daily Newspapers

FRANCIS TALBOT, S. J.

MY esteemed colleague, Father Blakely, is periodically incensed over new instances brought to his attention of Catholic teachers prohibited from employment in the public-school system because, solely, they are Catholics. His resentment, if I may use such a strong word about him, is habitual. He has known so very many cases of anti-Catholic discrimination, so many and so well-authenticated, in his native Kentucky, in California, in Vermont and Massachusetts, in the unilluminated parts of New York, even in the Southern States. Credits, diplomas, experience, tributes, personality and personable appearance—all of these the lady may have, all of them in exceptionally high degree, all in a degree that overshadows all the competitors all together. But she will not be given the position of school teacher in our non-partisan public schools because she is Catholic, or rather, a Catholic.

That is Father Blakely's grievance, an habitual one that flares up at each new instance. The discrimination against Catholic teachers because they are Catholics arouses him because he is a pure-blooded, many-generationed, one-hundred per cent Kentuckian who loves fair play and demands unqualified justice. I speak of Father Blakely because I observe in him, objectively, the same symptoms that I myself manifest when I think of the way Catholic books and authors are treated in the book sections of our newspapers. I have an habitual, slumbering resentment on the subject. And then a new instance is thrust before me. I become scripturally angry.

Let me exculpate the *Nation*, the *Christian Advocate*, the *New Republic*, the *Franciscan Herald*, the *Fellowship Forum*, and all such papers. On the matter of religion, they all have definite policies, definitely expressed in their editorial pages and in the news they see fit to print. They are papers with a purpose, that is, of propaganda. If the *Nation* or the *New Republic* have the principle of emancipation from religion, the editors may choose book reviewers to manhandle religious books in accordance with that principle. If a Protestant religious journal entrusts a Catholic book to a Presbyterian preacher, to be judged according to Calvinistic teachings, who may call that Protestant religious journal to task any more than one may blame the *Catholic World* for allowing a Catholic Archbishop to review a Lutheran book, and refuting it?

The daily newspapers, however, have voluntarily surrendered this partisanship enjoyed, for example, by the *Fellowship Forum* and the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The dailies protest that they are non-sectarian, non-partisan, non-discriminating in matters of religious belief. They accept Catholic, Baptist, atheist news with that same impartiality with which the public schools accept little Catholics, tiny Universalists, and growing Jews. They are public utilities like the Bell Telephone System that does not require a religious test of those who ring up a number, or like the traction company which does not

demand that everyone who boards the trolley car sign an affidavit as to his or her religious convictions. The newspapers, if they are to be what newspapers profess to be, must keep anti-Catholic propaganda out of their news and book review columns.

Some dailies take pride in the purity of their advertising sections. They admit not the slightest religious discrimination. A few years ago, the *New York Times* refused to accept an advertisement that read about as follows: "Stenographer. Male. For Catholic magazine. Apply . . ." The advertising manager, who apparently had a holy horror of religious discrimination in his paid ads., said his paper could not accept the advertisement because the advertisement implied that none but Catholics need apply. When he was told that the phrase "for Catholic magazine" was purely explanatory, like, "for work on a German newspaper" or "for a lawyer's office" or "by a Brooklyn manufacturer," he spoke as if he would like to say: "You can't pull the wool over my eyes." What he did say was something to the effect that Protestants and Jews would feel themselves excluded from the position, and would be offended by the discrimination against them.

Such is the stern impartiality, non-sectarianism of the advertising department. Should the same supervision be exercised in the other departments, not excluding the book review section? I mean, in the same newspaper? The book review editor has a far more difficult problem in religious impartiality than has the advertising manager. Catholic books come to him by the dozens and non-Catholic books by the hundreds. What is he, or if it so happens, what is she to do with them, as regards space, or featuring, or securing reviewers? He or she must have a free hand. Must he or she be bothered about religious discrimination in the book review section, as the advertising manager is in his department?

That is his or her problem. My problem is this, and it is a problem recurrent week after week: Why must the book review editor almost invariably seek out a person who is ignorant of Catholicism or antagonistic to Catholicism as the reviewer of Catholic books? The book review editor does not scour his list of reviewers for a rabid, fanatical Catholic to review Jewish books, or Presbyterian treatises, or atheistical tracts. I might say, most book review editors have no Catholics, fanatical or mild-mannered, on their list of reviewers.

"We must be fair, just, absolutely impartial," murmurs the book review editor. He or she takes up a book that treats of a Catholic topic. The book is orthodox; it has the *imprimatur*. "We must be fair" says the book review editor. "Their are two sides to this subject. The author of the book expresses the Catholic view. Let us show our absolute fairness by getting a reviewer who will present the arguments for the other side."

The book is about Catholicism, but hostile to it. The book review editor says: "No Catholic could possibly give a fair judgment on this book. He would be too angry. Mrs. Blank has no religious affiliations. She can review it impartially." Briefly, Catholic books are given to non-Catholic reviewers, in order to be impartial, and

anti-Catholic books are given to non-Catholics, in order to be impartial. That is an impartial summary of the situation.

Book reviews are of many varieties. Some are merely explanatory, some just enumerate the table of contents, some tell the story without comment, some are essays that happen to treat of the same subject as the book reviewed, some are argumentative, and so on. We have our preferences, but I am not discussing these at the moment. I am mildly stating two propositions about the writers of the reviews. To my mind, the non-sectarian, non-partisan, non-discriminating newspapers should insist that their book review editors should choose reviewers: (1) who know something about the subject of the books they are reviewing, and (2) who are not predisposed to a deep prejudice against that subject.

Here is a book on the theater. In order to obtain a fair review, should the book be given to a reviewer who never read a play, never heard an actor declaim, never entered into a theater, never knew anything about actresses except what her grandmother told her? A book on calculus is to be reviewed. Would a mathematician be unfair to the book because he puts his faith in formulas and Q. E. D.'s? For a fair estimate should the book be entrusted to one who has never opened an algebra and who thinks calculus is a kind of wall paint? That does not seem fair.

Here is another book for the review editor to dispose of fairly. It presents the French arguments on the Reparations Question; or it fastens the responsibility for starting the war on Germany. The fair-minded review editor declaims: "This book is French propaganda. We shall have none of that in our columns. We shall be just. We will give it to Herr Greatmann, who hates the French like poison. He will give us a fair review." Again, here is a sincere book on Jewish aspirations by a leading Zionist. Should the reviewer for the sake of fairness, be an Arab chieftain, a member of the Moslem Executive Council? Poor Frenchman, poor Jewish author, your books would be torn to rag-tags. Your enemy is your reviewer, chosen, forsooth, because the book review editor wishes to be just to both sides.

On the plea of fairness and impartiality, the book review editors of our non-partisan, public-utility newspapers almost invariably entrust Catholic books to reviewers who are vacuously ignorant of Catholicism or are bitterly hostile to Catholicism. The proposition is broad, but it covers a multitude of cases. Many illustrations are available. I choose two from the same issue of the newspaper that so jealously guards its advertising columns from every hint of religious discrimination.

Recently, there was published a book on convent life. It created an utterly false notion of nuns and nunneries. It was reviewed in a metropolitan, non-partisan book review section. The reviewer showed woeful ignorance. I would judge that she was not a Catholic, that she had never crossed a convent threshold. Because of her unfamiliarity with nuns and nunneries, would she be enabled to judge the story fairly? She spoke of "the evident fidelity to truth" in the book, and declared that the "treat-

ment has been written from a dispassionate point of view." Now, 60,000 members of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, minus ninety-nine disgruntled, abnormal alumnae, would deny the fidelity to truth and the dispassionateness of the author. They could not be trusted as reviewers, for the reviewer must have a blank mind on the subject of nuns. When a book, written by a student who has been expelled from the Slaboka Rabbinical College, a book deeply offensive to the faculty and students of the said college, is next published, I feel sure that the book review editor of the *Times*—in the interests of fair-play—will have the review written by an Alaskan Eskimo on his non-freeze typewriter.

Ignorance is not the worst vice of a book reviewer. Prejudice against the author or the subject is more infamous. I would like to know if Louis Rich is a Jew? I would further like to know if he is a devout Jewish Jew? If he is, I cannot understand why a non-partisan book review editor should permit him to review "Saint Paul," by Emile Baumann. The author writes of Paul as a Christian and a saint. Rich reviews Paul as "the first apostate Jew who came to be regarded as the second Jesus." He reviews Baumann as a "proselytizing author." Being clearly hostile to Paul and to his biographer, with a predisposed hostility, the reviewer, will he be fair and judicial and impartial in the best manner of the advertising section of the *Times*?

An editor of a book review section has wonderful opportunities for subtle propaganda. Most of these editors use their opportunities. They give Catholic books to reviewers who either do not know or do not love the Catholic Church. The practice is so frequent that there seems to be a rule governing it.

In the calm peace of a Sabbath afternoon, I finished my week's work by writing the foregoing. I had judged the article to be complete. But Sunday morning brought the *Herald Tribune Books*, and *Books* carried a most brazen paragraph of anti-Catholic propaganda. It formed the introduction to a review of the above-mentioned book by an ex-convent girl on her convent-school hatreds. Virgilia Peterson Ross, the reviewer, loves the nun as much as Heflin loves the Pope. "Convent schools are like incubators," is her first sentence. "Education is handed out in neat parcels containing the prescribed *disproportion* of religious dogma to historical and scientific fact. [Italics inserted.] Whether they are fanatic, matter-of-fact, or secretly uncertain, the nuns pattern their daily living after a dream world." After other similarly insulting remarks, the reviewer exclaims in horror: "And it is to them that people intrust the shaping of the plastic young!" [Exclamation mark inserted].

The first paragraph of this review is a gratuitous, mendacious and envenomed defamation of religious women. That it should have been published in a newspaper whose duty is to serve Catholics as impartially as Methodists, is unpardonable. The *Fellowship Forum* might be expected to print this review by Virgilia Peterson Ross; the *Herald Tribune* should have ruled it out. This is but another instance of the use of the book review sections of our supposedly non-partisan daily newspapers for propaganda.

REVIEWS

The Ordeal of This Generation. BY GILBERT MURRAY, LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.

It is a pacifist privilege to be dull; the war-worshippers have monopolized the music, incense and flowers. Though "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," it is seldom that these triumphs are celebrated in the stirring verse of Kipling or spread on canvas with the perfection of form, light and color which have immortalized the battle-pieces of Turner and Meissonier. Professor Murray happily breaks with this tradition. Thanks to his classic touch, the vision of peace assumes compelling beauty. Nor is his picture built upon a groundwork of mere aspiration or vague unreality. Every stroke is laid on with a firm, fearless hand, painting from contemporaneous life and movement. The result is a commentary on post-war conferences, treaties and alignments (it is no longer polite to speak of alliances) remarkable alike for its impartiality of treatment and an entire willingness to weigh the most disagreeable data on every peace problem. The manifold graces of style with which the Oxford scholar clothes his facts and figures do not keep him from approximating the scientific precision of an army engineer. Fully aware of the deep appeal war makes to human psychology, he is quick to press upon his readers the metamorphosis warfare has undergone in the last generation. In his powerful advocacy of the League of Nations he never attempts any palliation of its undoubted weaknesses and failures, say, in the case of Vilna, Corfu, disarmament, etc. He explores the possibilities of the compulsory arbitration clause of the World Court. He touches on the far-flung implications of Empire and the heterogeneous structure of the new British Commonwealth of Nations. He is decidedly complimentary to the United States, except on the question of war debts. It would appear that he has not solved the all-important problem of cruiser tonnage and the eight-inch gun. But then neither have the eminent gentlemen in Washington and London. Dr. Murray finds it hard to restrain his enthusiasm for the Mandates system. He regrets the American refusal to cooperate in this benevolent care of backward civilizations. The many merits of Professor Murray's book make one hope that he will reconsider the philosophy of life proposed in the second last chapter entitled "From Chaos to Cosmos." In his sympathy for youth and change he is willing to make concessions to human nature which will not do much to strengthen that nature in its effort to dominate selfishness—matrix of many wars. And yet if the facts on the League's activities, naval parity, Anglo-American friendship, arbitration and a host of cognate technical subjects have been more intelligently presented, or more engagingly, it would be interesting to know when and by whom it has been done. The peace movement needs a thousand more books with the *allure* of Professor Murray's, "The Ordeal of This Generation."

J. F. T.

Life of the Rev. Julian Edmund Tenison Woods. By REV. GEORGE O'NEIL, S.J., M.A. Sydney: Pellegrini and Company. 22s. 6d.

The progress of the Church in Australasia is one of the modern marvels. Happily its records are being preserved while the tradition of the pioneers is still available. This has been done by a vigorous and enterprising Catholic press, and the more formal chronicles of Cardinal Moran's "History of the Catholic Church in Australia"; Dr. Eris M. O'Brien's "Life of Archbishop Therry" and his recent "The Dawn of Catholicism in Australia." Father O'Neill now continues the good work in his extended life story of an astonishing character. Born of Irish parentage in 1832 Father Woods' career, until his death in 1889 has been described as that of "a first rate-man of science, of astounding memory, passionate ardor in the collection of facts, keen perception of their meaning, value and interconnection, and prolific in work that has lastingly benefited posterity both intellectually and practically." After a youth of restless and unsatisfied vocational strivings, he met the Bishop of Hobart in England in 1854, and went back with him to Tasmania as a kind of lay chaplain for convicts. He had been making studies for the priesthood and later continued them at Adelaide, where he was ordained a priest

in 1857. After this his work as a missionary began. In this he was indefatigable and popular. To meet the needs of the fast growing colony he founded the Institute of the Sisters of St. Joseph and of the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration. Unfortunately his temperamental vagaries involved him in serious conflict with his ecclesiastical superiors and also almost wrecked these Sisterhoods, before his end came, in poverty, but with patience and spiritual absorption, on October 7, 1889. An impressive requiem presided over by Cardinal Moran, was the closing scene of a most extraordinary career. Father Woods was a scientist of rank and an explorer besides being a missionary. Father O'Neill lists 155 important contributions by him to scientific records. He also compiled several school books and, in 1867, started the *Southern Cross* which is still a flourishing weekly. Father O'Neill promises an early addition to these Catholic annals of Australia in a life of Mother Mary McKillop of the Sisters of St. Joseph which he has nearly finished. She was the founder with Father Woods of the Australian Institute of these Sisters and his faithful and efficient coadjutor in the early successes of his missionary enterprises.

T. F. M.

Principles and Problems of Right Thinking. By EDWIN ARTHUR BURTT. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

Coming from the publishers with jacket endorsements from professors at Harvard, Stanford, the University of Montana, the University of California, and elsewhere, one anticipates finding in this volume a really worth-while introduction to the very important art of right thinking. It is, however, disappointing in the extreme. Though the author writes clearly and presents his matter interestingly, getting away from the dry-as-dust methods so common in philosophy texts, nevertheless, there is much in the book neither philosophically nor scientifically sound. Professor Burtt builds on a faulty psychology that fails to differentiate man from other animal types except in the degree of his intelligence. Hence he is in error regarding the machinery with which man thinks. The reader, in consequence, is not surprised to find that while the Professor evidences intimate familiarity with the technical laws of right reasoning, his own deductive processes are often anything but logical. Though very generously crediting Aristotle among the Greeks, and his Scholastic followers in the Middle Ages with elaborating and perfecting the principles of correct reasoning, he would have the reader infer that in the practical application of these principles they were generally in error, at least, the Scholastics. The author fails to realize that while moderns may have more experimental data from which to start their reasoning processes, man's mind and his mental tendencies are not essentially different in the twentieth century from what they were in the days of the early philosophers, nor does he think a bit more accurately than the old geometricians, for example. Many foolish and irrelevant thoughts on superstitions, religion, and ethics have found their way into the book. These Dr. Burtt would have his pupils swallow hook, line, and sinker. He is, moreover, sufficiently unscientific to refer to White's "A History of the Warfare Between Science and Religion" as "still the standard exposition of the theme suggested by the title." "Principles and Problems of Right Thinking" is another demonstration of how far awry modern philosophizing has gone under theegis of men like Dorsey, Dewey, Robinson, Thorndike, and their schools, whom the author habitually quotes with approval. At the same time it affords another proof of the thesis that the philosophy taught in secular schools is not only dangerous but insulting to the Faith of Catholics.

W. I. L.

Between War and Peace. By FLORENCE BREWER BOECKEL. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This volume by the Education Director of the National Council for the Prevention of War contains a wealth of information on the various factors making for and against world peace. It is intended as a handbook for peace workers, a group that as far as organization of material is concerned has been left to its own resources. Particularly valuable is the list of associations definitely committed to the task of peace education. This should help to

impart nation-wide solidarity to the movement for the peaceful settlement of all disputes. It is gratifying to note that religious leaders and groups are largely responsible for an awakening of the public conscience to the enormities and iniquities of war as a method for adjusting international differences. The programs of Catholics, Protestants and Jews are set forth for the most part in the words of their respective leaders or peace societies. A disproportionately small amount of space is accorded the Catholic Association for International Peace. There is, for example, no mention of the preliminary report of the Committee on Latin America, which has attracted wide and favorable attention in the religious and secular press. The book, too, shows unmistakable signs of haste. Pertinent facts on armaments, war expenditures, war debts, reparations and international cooperation, thrown together in loose order, tend to leave the reader informed but not enlightened. It is gratifying, however, to see that many are coming to regard both the tariff and immigration from the standpoint of world economy. Until charity, as well as justice, is allowed to operate in rate and quota-making, statesmen and people will be striving for peace in an atmosphere of self-delusion and insincerity. Economic warfare sooner or later precipitates military or naval mobilization. It would add enormously to the prestige of the American peace movement if its representatives would cultivate literary style as assiduously as they accumulate encyclopedic knowledge. For this higher service there would be required the ripe culture of a Gilbert Murray or a Don Salvador de Madariaga who are not only thorough students of international politics but also its most delightful critics. Mrs. Boeckel's book, of course, is for the peace worker and only incidentally for the general public. She might well have been more ambitious without in the least failing to attain her rather limited objective.

J. F. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Pilgrim Tales.—A series of visits to places of Catholic interest in England, France and Italy furnishes the theme for "Cobblestones and Catholicity" (Sydney, Australia, Pellegrini. 4s) by the Rev. L. Rumble, M. S. C. The little volume gets its title from the reminder of what the ancient cobblestones of Europe continually carry of the old Faith. The author writes charmingly, and his twelve sketches are all pointed. In spirit the reader visits with him Lourdes and Paray le Monial, Assisi and Subiaco, Florence and Rome, and elsewhere, and at every stopping place a wealth of edifying Catholic history and tradition is gathered together and delightfully narrated. Francis and Benedict and Margaret Mary and Bernadette and Savonarola and Scholastica and Clare all have a place in the pictures which bespeak the Divinity and beauty and power of Holy Mother Church in an enthusiastic and inspiring manner.

Thomas Ashby has woven into an interesting narrative a group of sketches of Italian religious festivities, chiefly as they occur in those remote sections of the country where the people have distinctive and ancient customs and folklore. "Some Italian Scenes and Festivities" (Dutton. \$2.50) describes in picturesque language, though without any specific systematic arrangement, such celebrations as that of Corpus Domini in Genzano, the procession of the Madonna del Soccorso at Cori, the quaint "Inchinata" ceremony of Tivoli on the Feast of the Assumption, the Easter observances at Sulmona, the festival of Il Santo Domenico di Cocullo, and others in Viterbo, Sardinia, and elsewhere. Many of the festivals center about the various laboring confraternities, and all of them are very ancient, though with time some of the older customs are disappearing. All of them indicate the faith of the people and how religion is brought down into their workaday lives. It is regrettable that the author so often, on the faintest surmises, interprets so many of these religious customs as pagan. The book has a number of good photographs illustrating the celebrations.

There is an Oriental color to the fourteen tales and sketches which A. Cecil Edwards has gathered together in "A Persian Caravan" (Harper. \$2.50), most of them reprints from current journals. The stories are for the most part simple narratives,

bringing out the national characters and customs to be found in distant Persia, told with the utmost naïveté and with very little dramatic effect. For those interested in the people of distant Persia the volume may have an appeal; others, however, will find more books for either amusement or information than these generally unexciting chapters.

Psychology and Success.—Roger W. Babson needs no introduction to the American public. In "Storing Up Triple Reserves" (Macmillan, \$2.00), he discusses in a popular fashion, a variety of beliefs which he considers constituent elements of success, grouping them under the three headings: financial, physical and intangible reserves. Out of his rich experience he discusses such topics as insurance, investment, banking, budgeting, food problems, marriage, happiness, the church, the school, the family, etc. Many of his sayings, apart from their technical aspect, are but the homely truths thrifty and upright men and women have always held, though Mr. Babson emphasizes their importance and significance in new ways. He is especially insistent that religion and prayer are essential elements in human success, though he seems to be satisfied with a religion that lacks both theology and external organization. He appears, too, to subscribe to the theory that man has an ape ancestry. His exposition of the Church's attitude on usury is also faulty. He is rather hard on the legal profession and on our educational institutions. He finds these last are gone money-mad and fast becoming money-making training schools, a tendency that he deplores. On the whole, the volume is stimulating and may give courage and outlook to some young people who are groping blindly along the road to worldly success.

The Viennese psychologist, Dr. Alfred Adler, first set men seriously thinking about the character effects consequent on what Freud later styled the "inferiority complex." Though a much-abused term, nevertheless, in many instances it is an important factor in the battle of life. William S. Walsh examines the problem in a matter-of-fact, readable way in "The Inferiority Feeling" (Dutton, \$2.50). He seeks to analyze its causes, discusses the handicaps it engenders, and tries to suggest means to safeguard the young against becoming its victims. While there are theories in the volume that Catholic psychologists will not subscribe to without qualification, and which would do more harm than good to the general reader unless he were carefully directed and forewarned against self-analysis in its perusal, social workers and educators may find in the book much that is profitable, especially in dealing with youth.

In "Master of My Fate" (Century, \$3.00), Herschel T. Manuel attempts a discussion of personality on the basis of modern behavioristic theories. The book is written from a practical viewpoint, and the author lays particular stress on self-direction for the acquisition and improvement of personality traits. Needless to state from the viewpoint of a Christian philosophy of life the book is seriously faulty. Morals have not, in the author's theory, an eternally objective value; they are nothing more than social conventions. In consequence, genuine ethical conduct is not differentiated from mere rules of etiquette. Behavior at table, the use of slang, correct penmanship, and gum-chewing are treated as significantly as religion, citizenship, and social and domestic moral problems. Religion with the author has an animistic foundation, and he quite generally follows in his discussion of the subject the aberrations of such writers as Lewis Brown, Will Durant and Edman.

Starting out with the assumption that contemporary psychology and philosophy are at warfare with religion and God, Cyril H. Valentine attempts in "What Do We Mean by God?" (Macmillan, \$2.00) to find "the least common denominator" that may be accepted by the disputants. A subtitle describes the book as "some studies in the objectivity of Christian experience." The minimum creed which the author outlines would hardly be acceptable to any of the contemporary dogmatic religions, though he does try to introduce into his scheme—altogether illogically, however, since he bars Revelation—a Trinity, a sacramental system, grace, etc. While he vindicates a God-centered religion it is anything but the traditional Christianity with which we have been

familiar. The basic error of the volume is probably the author's failure to properly appreciate the real nature of personality and what it is that constitutes a person. In the final analysis the essence of religion, according to Mr. Valentine, is "the personal response between the soul and God."

French Fiction.—"Joseph ben David" (Desclee, DeBrouwer; Bruges, Paris) is a little biblical novel translated into limpid French by Joseph Verhoeven, from the German original of Henriette Brey. The distinguished authoress, of recent years an invalid, has drawn from her long hospital hours these devoted pages in which literary Germany salutes her hand.

"La Croix de l'Alpe," by Pierre Vix (Editions Spes, Paris, 1928), forms part of a juvenile collection directed by Abbé Klein. An artistic tale of a schoolboy vacation in the mountains: psychological analysis of an older and a younger brother, and action which must have recalled to the reverend editor his "Land of the Strenuous Life."

Useful Text Books.—What attracts immediate attention to "English in Action," Books One and Two (Heath), by J. C. Tressler, is the eminently practical manner in which the author, who is head of the Department of English in the Richmond Hill, N. Y., High School, essays to stimulate and help pupils to live on paper and in speech. There is a maximum of examples and practice and a minimum of theory and rules to entice the student to spell, punctuate, or speak or write, correct effective sentences and thus cure a very prevalent modern educational failing. The format of the two volumes is an excellent departure from the traditional text book.

The same characteristic is to be found in "Modern French Course" (Heath), by Mathurin Dondo, Ph.D., of the University of California, which while presenting in simple form the requisite essentials of French grammar and vocabulary imparts at the same time a knowledge of French institutions, customs, history and literature. The reading material for the lessons are extracts from a simplified account of the life and the heroic deeds of St. Jeanne d'Arc.

Alfred M. Hitchcock exemplifies in his own style and method of presentation the principles which he sets down and explains in "Composition and Grammar" (Holt). There are many outstanding features to recommend this text; such as drills in clear thinking, stimuli to self-expression, suggestions for oral English, constant practice in grammar, spelling and punctuation. The exercises in the chapter on the Paragraph are so practical, so clearly illustrated, and so helpfully outlined, that for this chapter alone the book would be well worth while. However, taken in conjunction with the other chapters, they give a complete and well-rounded course. The same author has prepared a very helpful handbook for teachers.

"Narrative Writing" (Ronald, \$2.00), by Henry Thew Stephenson, presents a course which enables the student to grasp with a minimum of effort the principles underlying narrative technique and with the help of frequent exercises it is well calculated to afford a facility in the use of these principles. The course may be used with either college or extension classes. The author's clear, direct, familiar presentation makes the text a companionable volume for home study. Only one complete model is given for study and analysis, but a wide range of references acquaints the student with works that are available in almost any anthology of short stories.

Twenty years of experience in high-school teaching have given the authors of "Beginning Chemistry" (American Book Company) certain definite views as to the requirements of pupils; and these views find expression in this book. Gustav L. Fletcher, Herbert O. Smith and Benjamin Harrow modestly protest that their work presents merely an introduction to the subject, but the chapters on Colloidal Condition, Chemistry in Agriculture, Foods and Organic Chemistry, and others have a wealth of information that would prove interesting and instructive to those who have enjoyed a long acquaintance with chemistry. The text is well arranged and illustrated with color prints.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

A Correction by Professor Phelps

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your interesting article, August 17, you make some reference to a recent article of mine in *Scribner's*, for which please accept my thanks. But I hasten to correct a misapprehension, which no doubt is my own fault in not expressing myself more clearly. You say, "The only sad part about it is that this growing vociferousness of Catholics, instead of being pleasing to Dr. Phelps, seems to give him anxiety."

Quite the contrary is true. I rejoice in the amazingly rapid growth of the Catholic Church in America, for both Protestants and Catholics are united in the supreme thing—faith in the Christian Religion. I cannot imagine why any Catholic should ever feel despondent. All this talk nowadays on such questions, as "Why won't people go to church?" applies only to us Protestants, never to Catholics. When I was a child, there were in my native town of New Haven, Conn., three Catholic churches—now there are thirty. So far from this distressing me, I rejoice in it, and wish there were sixty. Only I also wish that the Protestants took the same pride in their church that the Catholics take in theirs. Meanwhile both Protestants and Catholics should never feel the slightest hostility to each other, but should regard themselves as allies. I enclose an editorial from the *Times Herald* of Port Huron, Mich. I rejoice to say that even as I often speak to Catholic audiences, so many Catholics come to the little Protestant church here where I speak every Sunday afternoon. Why not?

Grindstone City, Mich.

WM. LYON PHELPS.

[Professor Phelps' charming personality and literary style were no doubt a powerful magnet for many Catholics to his Sunday afternoon talks. He understands, of course, that Catholics are not allowed to participate in any religious worship but their own.—Ed., AMERICA.]

Miss Mullins Replies

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reply to Father Feeney's criticism of my novel, I wish to say that I have had no desire to attack either the Catholic Church or the system of conventual education, but simply to relate my personal experiences in the convent and to portray, as objectively and dispassionately as possible, those nuns whose character I have found it most interesting to analyze. As to his challenge that I draw up a brief of names, dates and incidents, I must decline to do this for the sole reason that I am not concerned with organizing a crusade against that particular convent wherein I was educated. But many of the nuns whom I knew are living today, and, while they do not accuse me, as Father Feeney does, of distorting conventual life, and indeed recognize and acknowledge many of the persons and incidents included in my narrative, they are nevertheless reproachful because I have not been influenced by a sentimental reminiscence either to romanticize about the convent or else to refrain from writing about it at all; both of which would have been equally impossible for me to do. Any artist will tell both Father Feeney and the Sisters that he himself does not voluntarily choose his subjects; that, on the contrary, they enter into him and possess him and torment him until he yields to them and sets himself to the task of expressing them. I wrote my book because the convent interests me, because it was a definite part of my childhood and the memory of it is a definite part of my present life.

It is true there are many convent girls who have not had experiences similar to mine, and who have seen little of what I saw and have heard little of what I heard; just as there are some persons who, having no love for or interest in the country, may pass through whole fields of flowers and be only dimly aware of their presence. Some of my own schoolmates are astonished to learn

today that my fear of Sister Mary Clement was so profound, that I was so much in love with Sister Thecla and so much amused by Sisters Bernadette and Juliana; in fact that I considered my school life worth writing about.

I have no desire to enter into a theological discussion with Father Feeney since he, being a Jesuit, is undoubtedly much more learned than I in matters of dogma; but I wish to point out that when I said the Virgin Mary herself conceived without sin, I was not speaking of the virginal birth of Mary but of that of Jesus.

Neither do I believe my story to be morbid, despite Father Feeney's assertion that there is never a light-hearted day or a humorous incident. I would like to call his attention to some of those episodes which he seems to have overlooked; namely, the tea parties given by Sister Martha, our day at the zoo with this same nun, Sister Juliana's golden jubilee. Nor is there any blasphemy in my book, nor any sneering. I consider that I have treated the subject both with sympathy and with restraint. I have no desire to make any formal accusations nor to injure anyone. Those particular nuns of whom I have written are to me simply interesting women who appear to me as fine subjects to represent in art. I have portrayed them honestly, as they moved before me in my childhood and as I understand them now in my maturity; but probably few religious would accept a realistic and unsentimental picture of such a subject, since they demand that nuns be regarded as immune from those human emotions which motivate the secular world.

New York.

HELENE MULLINS.

[The trouble seems to be Miss Mullins' inability to distinguish any middle stand between sentimentality and what she calls "realism." The admission that certain definite nuns have been recognized in the book seems but to aggravate the offense. "Art" has its responsibilities as well as its rights. Miss Mullins' theological explanation betrays an even worse confusion than was suspected. Her book is full of sneers at nuns; her own mother is really to blame, if her attack is justified. Ed., AMERICA.]

The Church Law on Education

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It might surprise Father Blakely even more to know that I have never once heard mention of the Canons relating to education outside the columns of AMERICA and books on Ethics. I have often marveled why, at this period of the year, when parents are urged from the altar to send their children to Catholic schools, no mention is made of church legislation.

Only today I heard a discussion of the need of Catholic education, and of why Catholic parents should send their children to Catholic schools, particularly Catholic secondary schools. One argument was based on the gratuitous assumption that Catholic schools and their religious teachers were as well if not better equipped than secular schools and their teachers. The second argument, equally gratuitous, was that the morals of non-religious teachers were a danger to be avoided. I am a university-trained non-religious teacher, but since I am teaching in a Catholic school, I hope I am "saved." I wonder how many additional Catholic children will find themselves in Catholic schools as the result of these arguments? It seems to me that if the Canons on education were read, or at least the fact of their existence mentioned, then shown how they applied, with a short demonstration of their reasonableness, much more would have been accomplished.

Chicago.

F. J. L.

Fact Fancy Truth

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Ignatius M. Gabriel's splendid letter in the issue of AMERICA for August 17 was just another of those gems of which your publication is so full.

If only everyone could grasp the full force of the thought expressed in that letter! I. M. G. may have disagreed just a whit with Miss Kennedy, but no one could well disagree with him on the restless craving of our hearts for truth and love. . . .

The poetically whimsical expression of this truth constituted for me the worth and charm of Father Feeney's "Brown Derby." Mobile, Ala.

M. C.